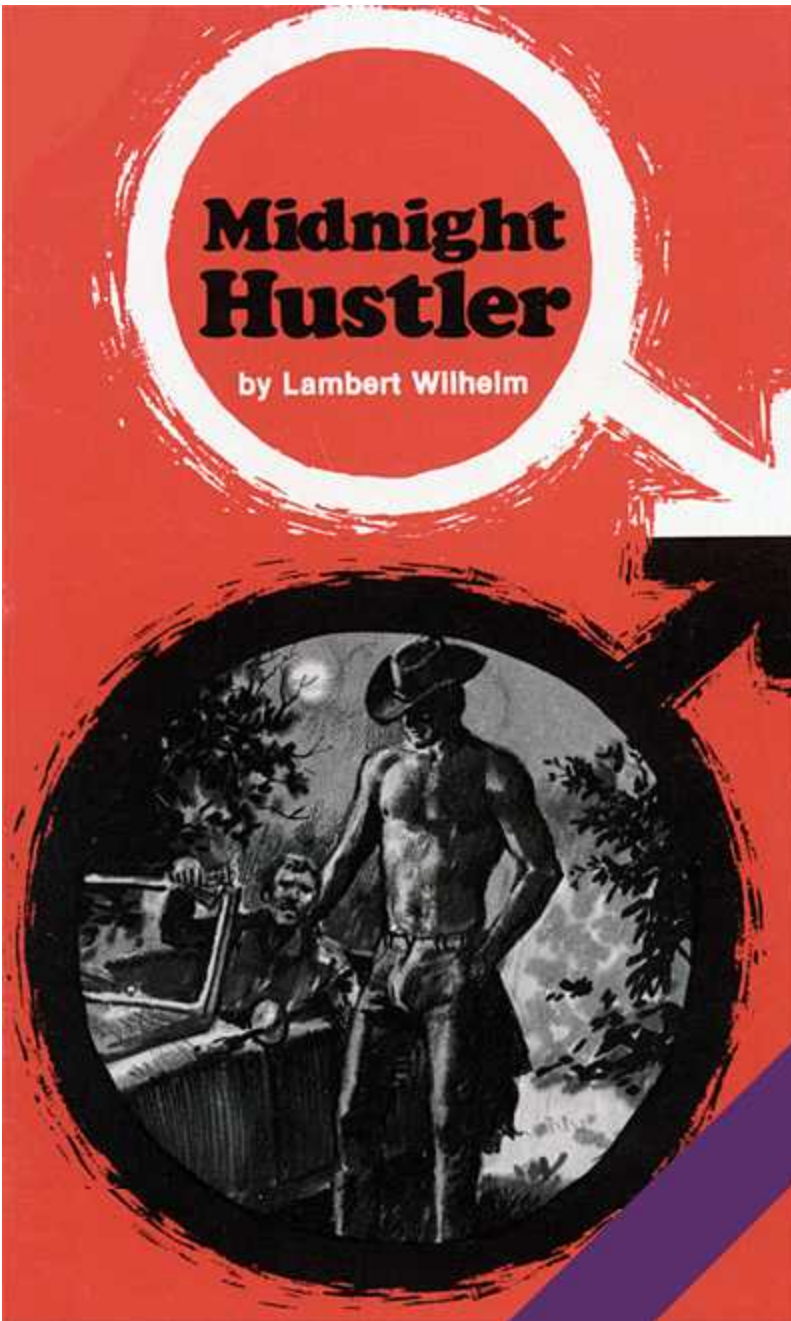


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ac-247 midnight hustler
(lambert wilheim) 1981

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AC-247 MIDNIGHT HUSTLER by Lambert Wilhelm

FOREWORD

Many Americans have treated homosexuality like an ostrich with its head in the sand -- they simply refuse to believe that a man could actually physically love another man. For those open-minded individuals who have realized that homosexuality is another facet of the human condition, their

problem is that they believe homosexual are vastly different from themselves.

MIDNIGHT HUSTLER is a story which shows homosexuals have all the human elements found in everyone else -- they suffer from the same frailties and shortcomings as anyone else, yet they can also enjoy the same intense happiness as any person. Domination, vengeance, ecstasy, sorrow, love, hate -- all these emotions are found in the characters in this novel.

MIDNIGHT HUSTLER -- undoubtedly a shocking story for some, but a story which does not ignore the fact that homosexuals exist, a story which shows that the members of the gay society are truly human.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

The cock was big. Jesus, it was a giant! It was long and it was thick, and each time it jammed deep inside Gerald Raspin's asshole it made his mouth open in a low groan.

"Oh, God that feels good," he said as Kyle Winter's cock pulled out to its rubbery tip and then rammed back inside to collide with Gerald's prostate.

The kid had said his name was Kyle, but you could never tell what a kid's real name was, especially out on the street. Most of them were runaways who changed their names as often as they dropped their pants.

"Easy, easy," Gerald said, feeling the cock working faster and faster inside of him. Christ, but this kid was a stud from the word go! Gerald could only wonder how many assholes Kyle had fucked to become as proficient as he now was. Probably hundreds. Hell, maybe even thousands.

Anyone as attractive as Kyle was bound to get his share of sexual workouts.

Gerald was leaned up against a dirty brick wall in a dark alleyway. It was one of several alleys in the area known as Hustlers' Row. Gerald and Kyle weren't the only ones sharing the alley at the moment, either. Just down the way, on the other side of a green trash bin, there was another man getting fucked.

Gerald's palms were pressed against the wall, his gripping fingers crumbling brick. His head, hanging forward on his neck, allowed him a good view of his hard cock which was being masturbated by Kyle's large hand.

Damn, but Kyle could beat cock, too! He'd obviously had a lot of experience with his fingers around male cock, possibly around his own prick, but more than likely around those of paying customers like Gerald.

It would have been dollars out of Kyle's pocket each time the handsome stud whipped his own prick to a heavy climax.

Gerald's asshole was pushed inward on each slide of Kyle's cock up the asshole. The asshole puckered outward each time the cock came outward.

"That does feel good," Gerald said, slowly revolving his ass so that the cock could work it from varying angles. "It's not going to be long now, stud. It's not going to be long now at all."

Kyle, his real name being just that, moved his fucking into higher gear.

He'd used a phony name in the past, but had decided that his customers would always assume he was using a pseudo, whether he used one or not.

Kyle, unlike Gerald, hadn't bothered dropping his pants. Since he was the one doing the fucking, there had really been no need. Since Kyle wore no underpants on his nights out on the town, his cock had come out quickly.

In a way, though, it was a shame that Kyle wasn't stripped. When someone had the kind of young and studly physique he had, it could only add to any fuck to have that body visible for viewing. Even Gerald's body, for that matter, wasn't anything to be sneezed at. Granted, the man was around ten years older than Kyle, but Gerald had made it a point to keep up a regimen of physical exercise after graduation from college. He certainly didn't have anything to be ashamed of when he stripped down in any locker room. In fact, compared to a lot of men at twenty-seven, Gerald was in damned good condition. There wasn't an ounce of fat on the ass that Kyle's belly was whacking with increasing regularity.

"Yes, oh yes -- oh, fucking yes," Gerald said, his voice becoming longer and lower.

"Your cum beginning to boil, bastard?" Kyle asked. He sounded far older than his age. In fact, if Gerald hadn't been such a good judge of kids'

ages, he would have thought, by the sound, that Kyle was a hell of a lot older. The guy spoke with savvy and know how. Then again, Gerald knew that the guy's kind of life could age one way beyond his years.

"Goddamned right, my cum is boiling," Gerald said. "It's about to fucking boil over, you sexy bastard. It's about ready to scald your whipping fingers with hot cum."

"You let me know when your balls are ready to pop -- won't you, bastard,"

Kyle said. His left hand was holding Gerald's hipbone while his right hand continued to pump Gerald's fat cock. "And I'll see what I can do about creaming my wad at the same time this big cock of yours decides to let go."

Gerald didn't have any doubt whatsoever that Kyle could do what he said he could. These hustlers had creaming down to an art form. That was one of the main reasons Gerald put out good money to get fucked by young men who knew all there was to know about fucking.

And Gerald had certainly lucked out this time. Kyle had learned early that fucking men was what he liked to do best of all. He didn't mind getting his cock sucked off by someone who really knew how to give head.

Selling his cock to hot mouths, as a matter of fact, was how he had first begun in the business. He had started sneaking out of his bedroom after his parents were asleep, when he was still in high school. He had been only a kid when his gym teacher had gone down on him in the locker room one night after baseball practice.

"I'm about there, stud!" Gerald said, feeling his balls give another jerk upward towards the thick bottom of his cock. "Jesus, am I just about there!"

Gerald was not regretting the forty bucks he had put out for this fuck, which averaged out to be somewhere around four dollars per inch of fucking cock. He had certainly gotten his money's worth this time around.

There was no denying that.

"Any time," Kyle said, knowing he was sufficiently primed to have no problem whatsoever in getting off at the same time that Gerald let go or, at least, shortly thereafter. "You just let me know, buddy, and I'll give you an assfull."

On the other side of the trash bin, someone was already creaming. Whether it was the customer on the receiving end of the cock or the hustler who was doing the fucking, was a little hard to tell. Whoever it was, their sound effects, loud and animalistic, only added to Gerald's present spiraling enjoyment.

"Just a few more pumps," Gerald said, thrusting his ass back to completely swallow Kyle's cock on an in stroke. "Just a few more long and lengthy fucks of this luscious cock, and I am, Jesus, going to blow my creamy, creamy wad."

Kyle was ready for the warm splash of cum on his pumping fingers. He quickly delivered several staccato fuck strokes that sent his belly slapping Gerald's ass. The spasming asshole did all that was necessary to bring Kyle's cock to an orgasm which, if it not simultaneous with Gerald's shooting off, was damned close to it.

"Jesus, Jesus, fucking Christ!" Gerald said, watching as his ropy streamers of cum came shooting out of his whipped cock to string the flaky brick wall. At the same time, he was feeling the flood of stud cum being shot into his asshole. Kyle's jism quickly filled the available space.

Gerald might well have been fed even more cum if Kyle hadn't skillfully tightened the muscles at the base of his cock in order to keep some of his precious cum. The less jism he gave up during a fuck, the more able he was to continue on to the next fuck without giving his cock any rest in between. The more cums he could manage, the more cash he would end up with by morning.

"You've got all of it," Kyle said, finally letting his cock rest within the ocean of cum it had just blasted into the asshole. "Gallons and gallons and gallons."

With his left hand, Kyle pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, simultaneously easing his cock out of the asshole. He used the handkerchief to clean his cock and fingers. When he was finished, he handed the ball of cloth to Gerald, who tried to use it to wipe his asscrack. By the time Gerald got hold of it, however, the cloth was wet, so that it merely smeared the

cum along the asscrack without really absorbing any of it. Gerald finally tossed the hanky to one side, hearing a plop as the material made contact with the pavement.

Kyle, his cock still hard, unfastened the top button of his pants rather than trying to bend his stiff prick back into his trousers. Once his cock was laid against his belly, he buttoned his pants and pulled up his fly.

Gerald's chore was a little easier. He merely stooped for his trousers and pulled them up.

"I'll drive you back," Gerald said. He used to be a bit embarrassed and tongue tied at such moments. Not any longer. He had been through this scene, and so many other scenes like it, too many times before. It now seemed as natural as taking a shit.

"Naw, that's okay," Kyle said. "I'll walk back."

The action on the street, after all, wasn't all that far away. Not in this part of the town anyway. Kyle, in fact, didn't even have to leave the alley to find his next customer.

"How would you like that nicely browned cock of yours really cleaned?" a voice asked from the shadows just before Kyle was preparing to exit to the street.

Kyle turned toward the sound, seeing what he hadn't seen before. A man was there, leaning against the wall. A man so swallowed by shadows that he seemed no more than a shadow himself.

Gerald was already gone. Satiated, he quickly exited the other end of the alley. It was, after all, almost two o'clock in the morning. Gerald had to work the next day.

"You want to suck this cock of mine, stud?" Kyle asked the shadow in the alley. He wasn't afraid. Oh, there had been a time when he might have been, a time when his fear had kept him more to the lighted areas, but he had since learned to trust his vibes. What he sensed now was a man who was

interested in sucking a big cock which had just been up a tight asshole. There were plenty such men wandering these streets and alley.

Kyle had pulled out his cock for a good many of them, just as he would probably end up feeding his cock to this one. "You have the price, and this cock can indeed be yours."

Kyle dropped his right hand to his crotch, rubbing to make his still hard cock even stiffer.

"How much?" the shadow asked. It was still pretty hard for Kyle to see him. Like Gerald, though, this one looked younger than the majority of men who prowled this area for hustler. This was obviously Kyle's night for lucking out. Some nights he never pulled out his cock for anyone under sixty.

Kyle quoted the price. The guy didn't even blink an eye. He merely reached into his pocket, pulled out a large wad of bills, and peeled off a couple of large denominations notes.

Kyle pocketed the cash and pulled out his cock.

The man in the shadows didn't waste any time. He dropped to his knees immediately, his left hand circling to palm one of Kyle's asscheeks, his right hand fisting Kyle's cock.

The man's name was Jeremy Westfield, and he was an accountant who worked for Jackson, Lenner and Magnolion. He was thirty two, had a wife and one kid. He liked cock. As far as he was concerned, the money he had just spent was well worth the forty dollars. He could tell that without having yet sunk his hungry mouth down over the total length of Kyle's stiff prick. He had paid more in the past and gotten even less. God, but it had been sexy as hell watching this hunky bastard fuck that guy against the nearby wall. Jeremy had known right then and there that he would have this stud no matter what the cost. At forty dollars, he figured he had found himself a steal.

There was just something about a young man with a good physique that could get Jeremy as horny as hell. He had always admired anyone with a

good body, mainly because he had never had much success in developing his own. Oh, he had tried hard enough. He had bought a Charles Atlas course when he was in his teens. He had turned out for wrestling in high school.

He had taken up weight lifting in college. None had given him the results he had wanted. He had always ended up looking too Goddamned skinny. Now, however, he had suddenly tipped the scales the other way, probably because his work found him spending much of this time sitting behind a desk. He had a roll of fat forming around his belly.

Kyle, now, didn't have an ounce of flab on him. His chest, a little of it visible through the gap formed by the unbuttoned cowboy shin, was excitingly muscled. His ass, felt by Jeremy through the denim of the kid's pants, was as hard as a rock. Yes, by God, this sexy bastard had it all. And the way Jeremy had it figured, the only way he was going to ever get any of it was by sucking.

Jeremy bowed his face forward and licked the head of the cock, tasting the rich juices that were bubbling from the wet pisshole. Those juices, of course, were flavored by Gerald's asshole.

"It's your cock, stud," Kyle told him. "Bought and paid for. You want to lick it, you lick it. You want to swallow it, all you have to do is open your mouth wide and take my fat cock all of the way down to your Adam's apple."

And that was just about as far as Jeremy figured the cock would go once he got his lips down to the point where they were scratching on the black public hair bushing from Kyle's crotch. He wished he had the capacity, as did some snakes, to unhinge his jaws for really massive mouthfuls.

Jeremy sucked, his cheeks collapsing inward to squeeze the plump top of the cock. At the same time, his right hand was milking the cock for more and more of its delicious cum.

"You've got the first inch," Kyle said, letting his hands glide up the side of Jeremy's face to grab the man's red hair. "Rut, you've still got another nine

inches of stiff cock to go before you're through. Do you think you're up to that buddy? I wouldn't want you to choke to death, you know."

Jeremy had no intention of choking to death on this cock. He did have every intention of swallowing it all. Granted, there weren't really all that many teninch cocks at his disposal. Anyone who thought every hustler on the street was hung like a horse had another think coming. Still, Jeremy had gotten his early practice on a cock that was at least this big, if not a mite bigger. That had been David Westland's big cock. David had been Jeremy's roommate in college. David had run off with his Humanities professor and Jeremy had married Sarah on the rebound. Big mistake, that marriage, but before Jeremy knew it, Sarah had been pregnant, so there was no turning back after that.

Jeremy usually positioned himself in one of the alleys where hustlers came with their tricks. By watching a hustler in action, Jeremy could better determine which of them were genuine studs. Now this one was a stud from the word go, a real man. There was no doubt about that. The kid might have been young in years, but he handled himself with the experience of a man far older. Jeremy had gotten hornier than hell from watching his cock fuck that asshole.

Jeremy's face dropped deeper toward Kyle's crotch, the man anxious now to swallow the rest of the prick. As he worked his way down the stiff cock, he consciously relaxed his throat muscles so he wouldn't choke.

He kept his eyes open. His eyes had adjusted well to the blackness and he had a decidedly good view of the cock he was eating. Close up, the cock looked even bigger than it had when Jeremy watched it fucking Gerald's asshole. In fact, it looked so big and felt so big that Jeremy began to wonder if he wasn't going to end up choking on it after all. His fear only increased when Kyle, excited by the feel of Jeremy's hot mouth, decided to make Jeremy's face drop a little faster. Kyle was using the pressure of his hands to drive Jeremy deeper and faster over the straining cock.

"Eat it, eat it," Kyle said, his hips giving small fuck strokes that worked his cock even further into Jeremy's throat. "That's the way, stud."

Jesus, that is the way."

Jeremy found he was having trouble breathing. The cock seemed to be leaving no space whatsoever inside his mouth and throat. Still, he told himself that he mustn't panic. Back at college, David's cock had often seemed to bring him to the point of suffocation.

"You are going to take all of it, too, aren't you, sucker?" Kyle said, frankly amazed at the apparent ease with which Jeremy was swallowing him.

Oh, Kyle knew that there were plenty of guys out there in the big wide world who came equipped with bigger cocks than his, but ten inches still offered a sizable mouthful that your everyday cocksucker couldn't usually manage without a little difficulty. Jeremy was obviously a cut or two above your everyday cocksucker. Jeremy really looked as if he were going to manage to suck up every last inch of stiff prick that Kyle had to offer.

After the entering cock had reached a certain point in Jeremy's throat, the swallowing of it seemed easier. It wasn't long after that before the last couple of inches of Kyle's cock slipped into place.

"Now, you really know what you're doing, don't you, bastard?" Kyle said in compliment. He couldn't help thinking that he was really going to be able to get off in this particular mouth.

There was nothing Jeremy wanted more at that moment than to have Kyle get off in his mouth. As far as he was concerned, there were few pleasures greater than the squirting of tasty cum to be swallowed.

He sucked, his pursed lips giving the bottom of the cock another thorough gumming. His tongue lashed the cock, bathing everything it touched in sticky saliva. His mouth had been forced into so wide a stretch that his lips tingled wherever they were pressed against hard cock.

Jeremy, though, didn't plan on being stopped on this cock for long without moving. There was, after all, more to any blowjob than just one successful swallowing of a cock. There was much more to be done, and he was quite prepared to do whatever was necessary to siphon up whatever cum had

remained in Kyle's balls after the stud's hearty blasting up Gerald Raspin's ass.

As soon as Kyle's hands had relaxed atop Jeremy's head, Jeremy began the long, slow slide back up the cock to that point where the rubbery tip began its pronounced flare. He wiped his tongue back and forth along the cockhead, savoring the tastes that still lingered from Gerald's ass.

Those flavors continued to act as an aphrodisiac, spurring Jeremy to begin more defined efforts to suck the cum from Kyle's large balls.

Kyle's balls were large, too. There was no denying that. They were the perfect complements to the cock from which they hung. Jeremy had spilled them out over the lower lip of Kyle's open fly. He now proceeded to fondle them, knowing that colliding them gently against each other was causing a pleasurable pain to explode upward into Kyle's washboarded belly.

"Swing, swing, swing on my big cock!" Kyle said as Jeremy's hot mouth once again dropped the cock. "Make that baby cum, cum -- Jesus, cum."

As with Kyle's fucking of Gerald, this fuck of Jeremy's mouth might have been more aesthetically pleasing to a voyeur if Kyle had been stripped stark naked. But Jeremy was just as happy with Kyle in his clothes, with Kyle's big prick and heavy balls sticking from the open pants fly, and his cock deep in Jeremy's throat.

No one could know better than Kyle what sucking rhythm was the best as far as his own pleasure was concerned. He therefore used his hold on Jeremy's head to set the rhythm, speeding Jeremy on when the sucking became too slow, or slowing Jeremy down when the sucking became too fast.

Looking down, Kyle could see his hands riding on Jeremy's red hair. He could also see his cock, glossy with spit, entering and exiting Jeremy's face. He was well aware of the clawlike grip of Jeremy's hand on one of the young stud's cock.

"That does feel so, so good," Kyle said, his pleasure increasing. It hardly seemed possible that he had shot his rocks off up a tight asshole a few minutes earlier. It seemed as if he were just now building toward his first orgasm of the evening.

There was no doubt in Kyle's mind that he had a real pro working on him here. A real pro!

Not that Jeremy in any way looked upon what he was doing as work. His own cock, painfully erect in his pants, was busy oozing clear precum into the toilet tissue Jeremy had stuffed into the crotch of his shorts for just such a purpose. He wouldn't pull out his cock and masturbate now. He would do that later, when his mind could leisurely savor memories of this sex. He would lie in his bed he and Sarah had had separate bedrooms for years and would languidly whip his cock, thinking of the cowboy in boots, jeans and cowboy shirt he had sucked to a riproaring climax.

Jeremy's mouth and throat had completely adjusted to Kyle's cock. Each bounce of his face up and back along the prick was a smooth one that covered all but a small portion of Kyle's cock.

"Eat it, eat it, Jesus -- Jesus, eat it," Kyle said. "Chew your hungry mouth all of the way down to my balls. Just like you're doing it, sucker.

Jesus, Jesus, just like you're doing it."

Kyle's asscheeks were twin mounds of hard muscle. Had Jeremy but been able to get a good look, he would have seen how Kyle's hard nipples were pressing circular bulges into the material of the stud's shirt.

Kyle was sweating. There were slight perspiration stains already formed beneath the armpits of his shirt as well as down the front of it. The crotch of his pants was damp with a mixture of his own sex juices, Jeremy's saliva, and the perspiration soaked up during the constant battering of Kyle's belly against Gerald's fucked ass.

"You want my cum, sucker?" Kyle asked, knowing Jeremy was on the verge of getting a hearty mouthful whether he wanted it or not. "You want the

squirt of jism basting your Adam's apple?"

Goddamn right, Jeremy wanted that! That was what he had paid his money to get.

Jeremy could tell, too, that Kyle was on the verge of letting go. He had certainly sucked enough cock to know when one of them was ready for blastoff inside of him. In fact, Kyle's frantic heartbeat was being relayed to Jeremy at the moment via the blood trapped in the large veins that ran under the surface of Kyle's hard cock.

"Take it, you greedy, cocksucking sonofabitch!" Kyle said with a low, loud growl. He bucked his hips forward, the force of his belly striking Jeremy's face almost enough to set Jeremy off balance. "Jesus fucking Christ, take my juicy load! Take it -- take it -- fucking take it!"

When it blasted, Kyle's cum was thick, sticky and hot. As fast as Jeremy swallowed, it still managed to somehow back up around the cock.

"Mmmmmmmmm," Jeremy said, his voice a slurpy hum over Kyle's ejaculating prick.

Jeremy held tightly to Kyle's spasming body, sucking each and every drop of cum that the hard cock was willing to give him. He swallowed more and more of the jism, his eyes clamped tightly shut. The ecstasy he was feeling inside him was one of his great pleasures.

CHAPTER TWO

"Coach Kentner, a phone call!" Manny Wilson said, sticking his head inside the gym and getting the attention of both men who were working up a good sweat with one of the Carl Winburg High School basketballs. "I think it's your wife."

"Jesus H. Christ!" Norman Kentner said, tossing the ball to Mark Torric and raising his eyes. He turned his full attention on Manny. "Tell her I'll be right there, will you, kid?"

"Sure thing!" Manny replied. He was an attractive blonde, the school's pride and joy as far as athletic prowess was concerned. He turned out for track, swimming, football, basketball, and the newly formed gymnastics team. He was a Goddamned natural at sports, one of those coordinated kids who seemed to succeed on the field without even trying. He had most of the girls and many of the boys in the stunt body drooling over him. And Coach Kentner suspected Manny was more turned on by the former, although he wasn't about to let that suspicion get around. He could care less if the stud liked fucking guys as long as he kept being instrumental in bringing Winburg High to athletic victories.

"This might be it, huh?" Mark said, having taken the ball out of play by tucking it under his left arm. He looked every inch the athlete he had been in high school and college days. Although he was now an English teacher at Winburg and no longer an official jock, his regular workouts with Norman, plus his weekly handball games at the YMCA, kept him in fine physical condition.

"I'll believe this is it when I see it," Norman said skeptically. They were referring to Peggy's call. Peggy, who was Norman's wife, was expecting a baby at any time. In the past two weeks, she had come in with four false alarms, three of which had had Norman getting her all of the way to Doctor's Hospital before she decided she would have to go home and start all over again.

Norman sniffed under one armpit and frowned. "Wouldn't you know she wouldn't have the decency to wait until I had a shower and was ready to lock up."

"She probably likes you all hot and sweaty," Mark said. "And I'm sure she knows that I'd be here to lock up for you."

"This son of mine is really becoming a hell of a lot of bother," Norman said, he and Peggy knew it was a boy, because their doctor had conducted one of these tests that checked the fluid in the womb.

"Ah, he's worth it," Mark said, sounding just like the child's grandfather should sound.

"Yea, maybe he is," Norman said, flashing a wide smile. "When are you going to get married and start making a few little Torrics, by the way?"

Norman had never been able to figure out why Mark had never tied the knot. He knew Mark wasn't queer. Hell, he would surely have known if his good buddy all of these years was a faggot. Besides, Norman had gotten reports that Mark's fucking had sent some girls into seventh heaven and kept them there for hours on end. Mark certainly had his pick of pussy.

Norman even suspected Mark could have had Peggy if he'd just put in a request first.

"Oh, I'll no doubt get hitched one of these days," Mark said, although he doubted he really ever would. If he had his best friend, as well as most everyone else, convinced that he was a straight as a stick, he had never been all that convinced himself. His gay experiences in college, many of them in restrooms, and a few more recently ones in the steam room of the YMCA, had pretty much convinced Mark that he preferred fucking hot male mouth to female cunt, and that he far preferred eating hot cock to pussy.

Not, strangely enough, that he had ever been sexually attracted to Norman, even though Norman was one hell of a goodlooking guy, with a hell of a studly build that always had everyone correctly guessing he was the coach immediately upon it being mentioned that he was a school teacher.

"I was rather hoping our kids could grow up together," Norman said, disappointment in his voice.

"Maybe we can schedule it for the next one," Mark said and smiled. He had even white teeth that were made to look even whiter by his deep tan. He had gray eyes, lush lashes, and a full sensuous mouth.

"Let's get me through this one first, shall we?" Norman said. He then seemed to realize that Peggy was probably waiting anxiously on the phone, so he made a beeline for his office.

Less than a minute later he was back in the gym, heading for the outside door. He still wore his trunks and sweaty T-shirt.

"She informs me that this is definitely the moment!" Norman said. "And, she seemed little amused when I pointed out that I had heard that a few times before."

"Want me to come with you?" Mark asked.

"If you don't mind, I'd rather you locked up here," Norman said, at the door and ready to rush to his wife.

"No problem," Mark said, although he wasn't to sure that was true.

"Just throw Manny out when you're ready to leave," Norman said. "He's in the weight room trying to make his pectorals look even more defined, or some such damned thing."

Mark had visions of that studly number hoisting weights. He felt shivers take root deep inside of him, and this wasn't the first time he felt those particular shivers there, either.

"Sure you don't need me along for moral support?" Mark asked, suddenly not wanting to be alone in the school with the school's chief athlete.

"I suggest you stay here and practice your jump shot," Norman said, opening the door for his departure. "You're looking damned rusty, if you ask me."

"So who's asking you?" Mark said.

Norman left the gym laughing.

It had all happened so fast and unexpectedly that Mark was left a little disbelieving. Oh, he knew that Peggy had taken to thinking she was on the point of delivering at some pretty inopportune moment, once in the middle of a traffic jam, but have it happen now was the last thing Mark would have expected. Had he thought that he would have ended up alone, in an empty school, with Manny Wilson, he would certainly have gone out of his way to prevent it.

Mark was turned on by Manny. Hell, that had to be the under statement of the year. Mark had progressed to the point where he was incorporating Manny in to his masturbatory fantasies. All of which left him very uneasy. He was a schoolteacher, for Christ's sake! Manny was one of his students. Mark had the stud for English. Aside from that, the kid was only eighteen years old. Granted, that happened to be the legal age of consent in the state, but that didn't make Mark's predicament any more livable, at least the way he saw it. No teacher had a right to use a teacher student relationship to take sexual advantage of his charge.

And it had certainly passed through Mark's mind to attempt taking sexual advantage, which was yet another reason why Norman's unscheduled departure left Mark wishing he'd found some excuse to go with him.

Nor, in the final analysis, did it make one bit of difference that there was the vaguest possibility that Manny was gay. Mark had heard certain rumors, but not very loud ones. The old myth, after all, still survived -

- a guy good in sports couldn't possibly be a faggot. If Manny didn't date girls, well, that was because he was devoting himself to sports.

Everyone knew that sex with a woman could drain a jock of all his energies before a game.

For all Mark knew, Manny might well be as straight as a stick, thoroughly caught up in the belief that messing with girls might somehow infringe

upon his exceptional athletic ability. The kid was certainly damned good on the playing field. He'd had talent scouts from every college for miles around, several even from across the country, making bids to get him after high school. So if the kid was psyched into believing that dipping his wick in pussy sapped him of energy, Mark was doing a lot of wishful thinking by speculating that Manny was gay.

Manny was in the weight room, lifting weights to make his pectorals more defined. That was what Norman had said. Then he had laughed, because Norman knew, and Mark knew, and Manny should have known, that there was hardly a chance the kid could improve upon what he already had. Mark had never seen anyone who looked as good as Manny Wilson did stripped down.

In fact, Mark had been so struck by the exceptional beauty of Manny's naked body that if anyone had seen him gaping the way he had the first time he saw Manny naked, Mark would have been pegged as a lecher for sure. Luckily he had been in Norman's office at the time, sitting in a position that had given him visual access to the shower area.

Mark glanced nervously around the gym, embarrassed because anyone who could see him now would be back to guessing that his thoughts had to be anything but pure as newly driven snow. Their worst fears would have only been confined by the fact that Mark's hard cock was obvious, despite the loose fit of his shorts and the elastic support offered by his restraining jockstrap.

He couldn't decide what to do now. He knew that what he should do was get rid of Manny Wilson as quickly as possible. The kid was an asshole for staying so late, anyway, while his peers were probably out on the town having a good time.

Mark's problem being that he was sure the kid would spot the swollen condition of Mark's cock if Mark got within twenty feet of him. So Mark couldn't very well tell the kid to get lost until Mark's crotch was in a far more presentable condition. That could take forever and a day.

He headed for Norman's office, dropping the basketball into the proper bin. He simultaneously thanked God that Manny was apparently still in the weight room and nowhere in sight. The last thing Mark now needed was to see the handsome stud.

He picked up a couple of towels and went into the coach's office. He shut the door. Luckily, one of the conveniences for Norman, as coach, was that he had a private shower in his office. Well, that private shower was going to be Mark's salvation now. He certainly was too smelly to change into his street clothes without a quick shower, although he would probably have done just that if there had only been the communal shower room available to him at the moment. There was certainly no way he would have unabashedly walked his hard cock into the shower to confront a naked Manny with it. Only an idiot wouldn't know what that hard cock would signify. And Manny wasn't an idiot. Despite being so good in sports, he managed more than decent grades in the classroom. No matter how Mark looked at it, Manny Wilson was an exceptional young man. Hell, he must have been if Mark was dropping defenses which he had added to year by year until he had thought them impenetrable.

He took off his tennis shoes and sweat socks, but he finished undressing in the shower stall. As he had known it would be, his cock was obscenely swollen. He threw his soiled clothes out on the floor through a crack in the open door of the shower and then pulled the door shut behind him.

The water was warm and sensuous as it suddenly flooded over his body. In fact, it was too warm and too sensuous. It did nothing whatsoever to relieve the hardness of his cock. If it did anything, it only made his cock harder.

He turned off the hot water entirely, jolted by the sudden assault of cold water where the hot had been before it. His flesh went bumpy in the chill. His cock, though, stayed just as hard as it was.

"Goddamn it!" he said in frustration. He hurriedly added hot water back into the mix, having decided that there was an alternative to freezing himself to death, a far more enjoyable alternative at that.

He reached for the bar of soap and quickly worked up a lather in his fingers. He turned his back to the water and smeared soap over his muscled chest and belly, concentrating on slicking down his stiff cock and his balls.

He would jack off. Yeah, that's what he'd do. And it wouldn't take all that long, either. He was so fucking horny that he would probably be creaming before he gave himself four or five good stokes.

He put the soap back and set to work to get his rocks off. That, he hoped, would take care of the present hardness of his prick. That, he hoped, would take care of these ridiculous fantasies he'd been having lately about Manny Wilson.

While he masturbated, however, the fantasies regarding Manny didn't go anywhere. In fact, they only intensified as he pumped harder and faster.

He couldn't get the kid out of his mind, especially when he jacked off, especially with the kid in a room just down the hall.

"Manny, you handsome bastard!" Mark said, his fist sliding up his cock and then pounding all the way down to his balls. He couldn't help himself. The more he tried to get Manny out of his mind, the more vividly the kid came into focus.

Mark ran his left hand down beneath his balls, driving his middle finger into the crack of his ass. He found his asshole and jabbed his fingers deep up his ass, groaning as he did so. He was also helplessly thinking what it would be like to have Manny's big cock ramming up his asshole instead of just a finger.

God, but Manny's cock had to be the most exciting prick Mark had ever set his eyes on. It was large, at least nine inches. It was circumcised, and while Mark had never seen the cock hard, he often imagined it that way.

He was imagining it that way now, working his fingers up his ass and pretending it was cock fucking his asshole.

He whipped his cock harder, his fist a blur as it stripped him closer to climax. Around him, the steam of the shower rose to engulf his body.

He pressed his back against the wall, twisting his fingers deeper up his asshole. He widened his stance, dropping his head back on his muscled neck. His eyes were shut tight, his mouth open.

"Ohhhhhh, Christ, stud -- fuck me, fuck me!" he said, becoming more and more engrossed in his fantasy of having Manny there in the shower with him. He wanted Manny's naked body instead of the wall pressing up against him.

The kid's nipples would be hard, like pin pricks, against Mark's shoulder blades. His belly would be hard as a rock as it fucked Mark's ass. His arms would be around Mark's body and his fingers would be jerking off Mark's cock while his hard cock fucked -- fucked -- fucked Mark's asshole.

Mark's body was glossed with sweat. It looked good. His pectorals convened his chest into to squares that banked each other along a deep and serrated cleavage. His abdominals were washboarded, punctuated by his knotted navel.

"Jesus, stud, you feel so good inside of me," Mark said, keeping his voice low as he spoke to his phantom lover. He'd achieved a coordinated rhythm that had his finger fucking his asshole while his fist beat his cock.

The fantasy was exciting. He would have liked to hold onto it, yet knew that he hadn't begun this in order to have a good time. He had begun this because he needed a soft cock to get him safely out of the gym and back to the privacy of his own bedroom. Once home, he could jack off and think of Manny to his heart's content. Not here. This was neither the time nor the place. Yet it was hard not to think of Manny, since that stud was just down the hall, his skin sweaty from his workout, his cock curled around sweaty balls within the cupping sack of his jockstrap.

"Oh, my God, you fuck me good!" Mark said, groaning into the spray as the sloppy noises of fingers in asshole and hand over cock accompanied him.

He squealed as his jabbing finger hit his prostate and twisted against it. His balls had elevated upward, ballooning with more and more cum that was anxious to be free.

"Fuck my ass! Beat my meat!" Mark said. The heel of his fist pounded hard against his lower belly. He was almost there! All he needed were a few more hearty strokes of his hand... "Oh, God, I'm cummmmming!" he said, knowing, even at the height of his passion, that he was probably making way too much noise. "I'm cummmmming, stud, stud! I'm cummmmming, cummmmming, cummmmming!"

His first forceful slugs of jism were released with such force that they traveled the whole length of the stall and splattered on the opaque glass of the door.

The next blasts almost made it to the door, but not quite. They ended up splashing into the water on the floor before vortexing through the drain on the floor.

The last ejaculations caught on Mark's twisting fingers and webbed there, only coming free when a couple of strokes of Mark's hand smeared some of the resulting mess along the total length of the cock.

"Christ, oh, Christ!" Mark said, his pleasure having finally receded to the point where he once again knew where he was, who he was, and what, the purpose of this exercise had been in the first place.

He opened his eyes and came away from the wall, turning into the water in order to allow it to wash the creamy cum from his studly body. His legs were so weak that they could hardly support his body. He attributed his weakness as much to the soothing hot water as to his spent passion.

He buried his head in the water, escaping from the outside world but not from the realization that his desires for Manny Wilson were on the increase and not on the decline.

He came out of the water, shaking his head to himself, knowing that further thoughts of Manny would do little more than coax his softening cock back

to erection. And then he would be right back where he started.

He quickly finished washing away the sweat and whatever cum remained from his ejaculation. He turned off the water and reached for one of the two towels he had hung over the top of the door so he wouldn't have to leave the stall to get them. When he did exit, he had one towel wrapped securely around his waist to conceal a cock which, while not completely flaccid, still wasn't as obvious as it had been. Now all he had to do was get to the locker room, get his clothes and put them on. He would feel relatively safe in his street clothes. Hardon or no hardon, his cock always seemed somehow less obvious in regular trousers than in gym shorts.

After he was dressed, he could risk going to tell Manny it was time they both cleared out. While the kid showered and dressed, Mark could occupy himself elsewhere, preferably in a place where he wouldn't be tempted by the sight of Manny completely stripped down. Masturbation or no masturbation, Mark certainly wasn't drained enough of his desire to risk whatever temptation would surely confront him when being faced by a completely naked Manny.

His careful plans, however, were shot to shit fast enough, because Manny was, no longer in the weight room. He was in the locker room when Mark came hurrying in to retrieve his clothes. And, that wasn't all, either, because not only had he chosen a locker near to the one Mark was using, but the kid's shirt was already off. Mark could only thank God that the young stud's gym shorts were still on. If Mark were lucky, he might make it through all of this yet.

Mark's luck, though, apparently was determined to desert him. As if Mark's entrance had been Manny's cue, the young blonde stud dropped his shorts, leaving his studly body completely naked except for his jockstrap.

"I figured I'd better get my ass in gear," Manny said, standing there with the appearance of being calm as you please. In actuality, he wasn't calm at all. He very well knew the game he was playing, and it could have been disastrous if he had been misreading Mr. Torric, and was sensing an interest that Manny only wanted to be there. "I heard you taking a shower in Coach Kentner's office, and I figured you'd be wanting to lock up soon."

"No hurry," Mark said, wondering if his voice came out sounding anywhere nearly as nervous as he was feeling. "I was going to give you plenty of warning. Coach Kentner said you had some exercises to complete in the weight room."

Mark felt a sudden responsive jerk of his cock and was sent into a virtual panic because of it. The last thing he needed or wanted at this time was a hardon. Christ, he had jacked off in the shower just to keep himself from getting one.

"Just take your time," Mark said, preparing to get the hell out of the locker room. He would beat a safe retreat back to Norman's office and wait until he heard the sound of the shower. He'd then come back and get dressed. Damn, but he wished he were dressed now. He certainly wished that Manny were dressed. There was just something about this particular young man's body that seemed to draw Mark to it as any iron filing was drawn to a powerful magnet. "I've got a bit of extra reading to do before I leave anyway. I figured I'd do it in the coach's office."

Manny hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his jockstrap and pulled down. Mark had seen what the kid was doing, had felt the warning bells going off inside of him that told him to turn around and move his ass right then and there. He hadn't, though. He had just stood there as hypnotized by what he was seeing as a mouse mesmerized by the sway of a cobra.

Damn, the kid was handsome! And it was obvious that he very well knew it, too. He was some blonde Adonis straight out of some book on Greco Roman mythology. His blonde hair was tousled and slightly curled by perspiration. It banged forward over his forehead and almost into eyes that were so Goddamned fucking blue. His nose fit well in a face that was a handsome combination of boy and man.

His cheekbones were high, his jawline square, his chin indented with a small cleft. He had a dimple in his right cheek that was noticeable even when he didn't smile.

And, his body -- Jesus, his body! Mark had seen a lot of men in his life who had exceptional physiques, but few of them could match Manny's build for

pure, unadulterated beauty. Everything on him seemed to fit perfectly, from head to toe. Rectangular pectorals were capped by salmon colored nipples the size of dimes. His arms were muscled, his ass solid.

His legs were perfect supports for the rest of his body.

Mark tried to keep from focusing on Manny's cock. He refused to believe that the cock was getting larger by the second, extending downward before achieving the stiffness that would work it into an erection to stand tall before the boy's muscled belly.

"Working out usually makes me horny," Manny said, indicating that he was very much aware that his cock was going hard, although in truth it had nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that he had been lifting weights.

The swelling of his cock was caused totally by the fact that his English teacher was there in the locker room with him, and that there was nothing between Mark and Manny but the towel wrapped around Mark's waist.

Manny had never seen Mark completely naked, though he had certainly fantasized it enough times. He had managed to catch glimpses of Mark's naked chest when the older man often stripped down to just his shorts when playing basketball in the evenings with Coach Kentner in the gym.

But Manny had never lucked out by being in the right place at the right time, unlike Barry Kelioge, who he had seen Mark stripped down one evening and had reported that the English teacher had a cock big enough to make even an elephant happy.

Actually, there was no doubt but that Manny could have gotten a peek at a completely naked Mark long before now. After Barry's announcement, more than a couple of the guys had taken to latenight practice sessions just to verify Barry's report. They had come back with hearty assurances that Barry had been more than tight. Mr. Torric was, indeed, hung like a bull elephant, Manny, though, had kept his distance. Because even before he had known Mr. Torric had a big cock, he had been getting these strange feelings about the man, feelings that went far beyond the scope of normal feeling between students and teachers.

Manny wasn't a virgin, at most of his friends assumed. He didn't, in the least, hold with that old notion that promiscuity could somehow drain him of his prowess on the athletic field. He'd only tricked with one kid his own age, though, and that had been Billy Fornos from Basnal High, during the football championship of the year before. When, despite the fact that he knew Billy wasn't the kind to blab, vague rumors nevertheless began to circulate, Manny hadn't repeated with Billy or had sex with anyone else in his world of high school or school athletics. Anyway, he really got more than adequate release via the men his father introduced him to. And quite frankly, after sex with Billy, Manny had become a firm believer that he preferred older men to kids of his own age. There was certainly no doubt about his preference for Mr. Torric.

The fact that Mr. Torric was a teacher had made Manny keep his distance, however. He, like Mark, was fully aware that teacherstudent relationships could get very sticky. Even liberalminded men and women, who seemed quite prepared to accept homosexuality elsewhere, were a little paranoid about gay teachers.

Not that Manny knew that Mark was gay, because he didn't. That was what worried him now. If he thought he had detected certain signs that hinted of Mark's sexual interest, those signs had never been obviously readable.

Nor had there ever been even a whisper around school that Mr. Torric was a fag, which was a hell, of a lot less than Manny could say about some of the whispers that had been circulating about him?

What had set Manny on his present course of seduction was simply the fact that the time had pretty much arrived when it was now or never. For three years he had held back from living out fantasies that had begun the first moment he had spied Mark standing in the school hallway. That was back before Manny had known what class Mark taught. Manny had waited and hoped for some sign that Mark was interested. If Manny still couldn't be sure, he was now on the verge of graduating from Winburg High -- if something was possible between them, it was going to have to happen pretty damned fast.

Mark shook his head to clear it, realizing that he had actually been staring at the little jerks that Manny's big cock was making. He was equally aware of the echoing jerks his own cock was making behind the insufficient covering offered by his towel. Embarrassed by the obviousness of his stare, and the obviousness of his response, he turned to head back to Norman's office. He needed a clear head to deal with this, and his brain was presently in somewhat of a muddle. If he kept telling himself that Manny had said working out, not Mark, made him horny. Mark's cock, swelling as it was at that moment, could not be as easily explained.

"Mr. Torric!" Manny called. He had seen the movements of Mark's cock behind the towel. Yet he couldn't figure out why Mark was apparently so intent upon concealing their existence.

Mark stopped at the sound of Manny's voice, but he didn't turn around. To have turned around now would have only been broadcasting his desire for this kid; Mark's hard cock was tenting the front of his towel. There was simply no way he could have faced Manny directly and kept hidden the obvious state of his arousal.

"You know what really makes me horny, don't you, Mr. Torric?" Manny said, encouraged when Mark stopped. He just wished his teacher would turn around. Manny would have been far more confident if he could have verified that Mark's cock was going hard behind the white towel. "Seeing you gave me this stiff prick. And, when I don't see you, just thinking about you gives me a hardon."

Mark swallowed with some difficulty, sure that he wasn't really hearing any of this. Somehow he figured his ears were feeding him only what he wanted to hear. God only knew what the kid was really saying. Probably something about Mark being a dirty old man even if he was only twenty seven.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Mark said. Actually, he couldn't think of anything else to say. God, what kind of a predicament the truth would have gotten them both into under these circumstances!

Manny, though, was more prepared to risk the hazards of the truth than Mark was. Hell, since he had come this far, it would have been ridiculous to stop now.

"It's not nonsense, I assure you," Manny said. "I've wanted you since the first time I saw you, over three years ago. I was a freshman, and you were talking to Miss Perry. I got a hardon right then and there. It was so big, that I thought for sure someone would notice and start laughing."

Mark licked his lips. His mouth and his throat were dry. But he didn't turn around. The only thing that stood between him and what he wanted was a reserve that Mark had successfully called up from somewhere. As near as he was to taking the final step, he simply couldn't bring himself to do it.

"I promise I'll never mention this conversation again if you make that same promise," Mark said. "Now I suggest you finish showering so that we can lockup."

Still without turning, Mark headed for Norman's office. As he walked through the door, his cock was so hard that it felt as if he had a ten pound weight attached to his lower belly.

CHAPTER THREE

Manny's hardon told him that it had all happened. Or, rather, it told him that what he had wanted to happened. Still, despite his disappointment, things could have been worse. Mr. Torric could have thrown an indignant fit at even the idea of being blatantly propositioned by one of his students. Mark might well have threatened Manny with disciplinary action or even expulsion. Mark had done neither. If Manny remembered correctly, Mark had merely suggested that the two of them merely forget that Manny had said anything.

Well, forgetting was easier said than done, at least as far as Manny was concerned. His hard cock certainly didn't make forgetting any easier, either. His stiff prick came back with a hard whack to splatter his abdominal muscles, that being nothing more than a reflexive response as Manny remembered just how sexy Mark had looked in only a skimpy towel.

Manny chose one of the several spigots that jutted out from the wall of the communal shower, and he turned on the water.

He wasn't encouraged as he might have been, though, that Mark hadn't gone off the deep end and started shouting that Manny was nothing more than a queer faggot. Whether Mark had screamed and shouted, as he might have, or had remained relatively calm and rational, as had been the case, he had rejected Manny's offer. And Manny knew that he would never have the guts to come right out and say such things again. So he would merely continue to the end of the year, graduate, and find someone else to fantasize sex with once he was no longer seeing Mark Torric every day. It was, however, a Goddamned shame that nothing had come of it. Whether Mark knew tiddlyshit about gay sex, Manny was confident he could have shown the man a good time. If anyone at school had found out Manny knew so much about sucking and fucking men, they would probably have been shocked right out of their minds.

Manny soaped up, shutting his eyes when his hand smeared soap along the length of his impressively solid cock. He could have masturbated, but he

decided against it. He would probably enjoy himself better if he got his racks off more slowly a little later. It was best to get this thing with Mark over with now, endure the embarrassment of locking up with him, and head on home to the privacy of his own bedroom.

When he opened his eyes and saw Mark standing in the doorway to the shower, stark naked and a monster cock reared to attention, Manny thought for sure he was hallucinating.

"How did you know, you sexy bastard?" Mark asked. He hadn't been able to stay away. The temptation had simply proved too great. "And, you did know, didn't you?"

Manny certainly knew what that implied. Everything that was happening seemed like a dream. He really hadn't known anything but what he wanted; he never actually believed that those dreams might be possible.

"I only know that I want you," Manny said, feeling hot flashes sweeping through him that had little to do with the heat of the shower water that was now splashing his back and ass.

"I was that obvious, wasn't I," Mark asked, still not moving from the doorway. His balls weaved from side to side, brushing first one muscular thigh and then the other, as he nervously shifted from foot to foot. "I certainly didn't try to be obvious. I certainly didn't plan for any of this to happen."

"So what's the big deal, anyway?" Manny asked, wanting desperately to put the man at ease. He knew, if he played his cards tight, he would be able to fulfill his one predominant fantasy, and no way did he want Mark to spook now. "You're over eighteen and so am I. We're consenting adults, both able to judge what we want and what we don't want."

"You are a student and I am your teacher," Mark said in reminder.

"And, you think that automatically turns us into sexless beings?" Manny asked. "That's not the way it happens, Mr. Torric. Not for me, anyway."

Mark came over to where Manny was standing. As he walked, his cock moved back and forth like a metronome, his balls swinging like the pendulum of a large clock. He reached out his hands to touch Manny's arms, wanting to make sure that the young man was real.

Manny was real, all right. And once Mark had assured himself of that, he felt the last of his reserve drop away. There was certainly no turning back now. Oh, things might have been different if Manny hadn't made the first move. But now that their mutual interest had been verified, now that the opportune moment for consummation had arrived, there was no way Mark could deny them that moment. It suddenly no longer made any difference that they were teacher and student. The only thing that was important was that they were both consenting adults, they were attracted to each other, and were both entirely capable of analyzing all of the pros and cons of what they were doing. There was magic here, magic that wasn't to be denied.

"Goddamn, you're handsome!" Mark said, stepping in closer, so close that his cock met with Manny's cock, much like two swords meeting for the first time at the beginning of combat. The pleasure from that mere touching caused skyrocketing feelings to turn loose inside Mark's body.

"I was beginning to wonder if you'd even noticed," Manny said, thrilling with his knowledge that Mark had indeed noticed.

"A man would have thought even a eunuch not to have noticed you, you sexy bastard," Mark said. He pulled Manny in tight. Their cocks battled momentarily between them, finally compromising by going to a side-by-side position. Their hard bellies touched. Their chests met, taut nipples chafing sensuously against taut nipples.

They kissed. It was a long, deep kiss that started simply, with a light touch of lips, and then it quickly progressed from there. Both mouths came open. Tongues battled. Spit mingled and was exchanged.

"Aaaaaahhhhhh!" Manny said, his voice a low moan. His arms wrapped tightly around Mark's body, his guts alive with pleasure.

"Christ, if you only knew how long I've wanted to touch you like this,"

Mark said, breaking the kiss but not letting go.

"Goddamn, we've wasted enough time, haven't we?" Manny said. "We'll have to make up for that lost time now, won't we?"

"I could stay just like this forever," Mark said. "Just feeling you against me. Just touching the smooth silkiness of your skin as it stretches over all that hard muscle."

He ran his hands down along the length of Manny's back, gliding his fingers over and along the swells of the blonde's solid ass. His palms cupped the ass buns. Mark moved his whole body, enjoying the sensuous way his skin and the boy's skin rubbed against each other.

"I'm much too greedy to want to stay like this," Manny said. "There are simply too many things I want to do with and to you to really know where to begin. I somehow keep thinking I'm suddenly going to end up dreaming all of this."

"This sure as hell isn't a dream," Mark said, finally convinced that might be a true statement, although he would have been somewhat relieved if it had been a dream. Not that it all wasn't just as pleasureable as he had always, known it would be, but he still couldn't help feeling he shouldn't have succumbed to temptation in this particular instance.

"Then if it isn't a dream, why don't you fuck me?" Manny said. "I'm tired of simply sticking my finger or a dude up my asshole and pretending it's your big cock."

Mark couldn't help remembering how, just moments before, he had been in the shower, his finger jabbed to his knuckles up his asshole, imagining that finger to be Manny's big cock.

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather fuck me?" Mark offered in alternative.

"I want to fuck you, suck you, rim your asshole with my tongue," Manny said. "I want to do everything there is possible to you, and I want you to do

the same to me. Right now, though, it's your cock up my asshole that I want most of all."

Between them, their cocks pulsed, oozing precum in the process. The gooey liquid mingled and smeared their muscled bellies.

Mark was thrilling at the notion that the kid in his arms really wanted to get fucked. Manny, in fact, seemed to want fucked as much as Mark wanted to fuck him, if that were humanly possible. At that moment there was nothing Mark wanted to do more than turn this studly body around, open its muscled asscheeks, put his cock to the asshole and shove home.

As it turned out, Mark didn't have to turn Manny. Manny turned himself.

As he did so, he got a line of juice drawn along his hip and ass by Mark's hard cock. At the finish of the move, he had Mark's hard cock placed lengthwise along the crack of his ass. The cock was getting hugged by the cheeks of Manny's ass as snugly as any hotdog bun had ever held hot wiener.

When Mark stepped back, breaking contact between the two of them, it was only to soap up his cock and Manny's ass, preparing them for the upcoming fuck. The preliminaries quickly completed, Mark took hold of his erection and dropped it into place, simultaneously holding the ass propped open along its crack.

Mark's cock pressed against Manny's asshole and felt the rubbery skin give beneath the slight pressure the teacher exerted against the opening.

He didn't immediately shove his cock home, because he was still somehow expecting everything to end. Quite aside from that, of course, he was so keyed up by all of this that he was closer to a premature orgasm than he had been in years. What he did not want to do was explode his cum up this asshole before it could really be said that he had fucked the asshole at all.

Manny, on the other hand was anxious to get started. "Fuck me!" he said, in command. Not waiting for Mark to obey, the boy bucked back his ass,

forcing his asshole to yawn open and swallow a good half of Mark's huge cock.

They both groaned, Manny from the sudden fullness which seemed on the verge of splitting his ass from his hairy balls to his backbone, and Mark because the pleasure that resulted from the tight squeeze exerted on his plugging cock by Manny's asshole was almost too much to be endured. The asshole was tight, seemingly going even tighter as a thrusting of Mark's cock sent the rest of his cock into the gripping confines of Manny's body.

"Christ -- oh, Christ -- Christ!" Mark said, his mouth so close to Manny's ear that the boy could feel Mark's hot and steamy breath. Mark's muscled belly was flattened against the blonde's solid asscheeks. His black pubic hair was mingling with the blonde hair growing along the asscrack.

Manny managed another audible grunt as soon as he was recovered from the shock of having the rest of Mark's cock thrust up his ass. He followed with two whispery gasps before delivering a long, low groan.

At a moment as this, there was no one who could tell Manny that getting fucked by one cock was like getting fucked by any other. That simply wasn't the case. This cock inside of him now brought with it a whole set of new sensations that were uniquely wonderful. The extent of those sensations undoubtedly had something to do with the fact that Manny had been fantasizing about having his cock up his asshole for years. And the reality was far more pleasurable than Manny could have expected.

"Are you all right?" Mark asked, coming out of his own blissful euphoria long enough to check on Manny's wellbeing. It was, after all, important to him that Manny enjoy this as much as he did. In all of Mark's erotic fantasies, it had always been a mutual sharing of joy that had accompanied his matings with Manny.

"Am I fine?" Manny asked in reply. He then repeated the question once again before answering it. "Jesus, is the Pope Polish?"

Mark left his cock momentarily buried to his balls up Manny's ass. He wanted the boy's asshole to adjust to the fucking. He wanted the asshole to

become familiar with his cock so that there would be little or no pain for Manny when the fuck began in earnest.

Mark let his hands slide around Manny's hips and up to the boy's belly and chest. His traveling fingertips detected the bumps and valleys of scalloped muscle. Manny's nipples were hard, with extended centers. Mark tweaked the nubs, causing Manny to groan. He rolled his face against the boy's shoulder, smelling the heady muskiness of sweat not yet claimed by the water. He licked; the taste was vaguely salty.

"I don't want to hurt you," he said, his voice gone noticeably breathless. "Jesus, I don't want to hurt you."

There was no way Manny was being hurt at that moment, even though the boy was appreciative of Mark's concern. Had Manny not been used to being fucked up his ass, there might well have been a good deal of discomfort from a cock the size of this one. But as it was, his asshole had had a lot of practice for this moment. His asshole had adjusted easily. Mark's cock felt downright comfortable where it was. In fact, Manny suspected he would feel disappointingly empty once the prick was finished with its fuck and was again pulled free. Until that moment occurred, though, Manny planned to take full advantage of his situation.

"I want you to fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," Manny said, grinding his ass over Mark's hard cock so that the cock twisted first left and then right.

"I want you to fuck my ass until I'm squealing like a stuck pig and pouring my hot cum into your whipping fingers."

As if that were Mark's cue to drop his right hand down to Manny's cock, he did so, his fingers opening around the stiffness and then collapsing in around it. He squeezed the cock, luxuriating in the feel of the silky skin surrounding the hard inner core. He looked over Manny's shoulder to see how his fist looked wrapping the blonde's erection. He was only further excited by the way his hand couldn't completely contain the cock.

As he milked, he was clear precum appear. He captured the wetness on the flat of his thumb, lubricating the rubbery top of the cock with sticky goo.

While the two weren't standing directly in the water from the shower, they didn't escape the steam that billowed all around them. The mist had quickly filled the large room with a warm and wet haze that allowed Manny and Mark further distance from their usual world.

Manny dropped his arms to his sides, running his hands back along the sides of his thighs and Mark's thighs. He reached back for Mark's ass and took hold, kneading the solid asscheeks.

"Beautiful," Mark said, licking Manny's ear and quickly losing himself in the moment, no longer caring that he had once had valid arguments as to why this moment would never be. As perfectly as the two seemed to fit, Mark could only wonder how he had been so masochistic as to deprive them of the experience before this. He thanked God that Manny had had the good sense to take the chance that Mark had been unprepared to take. He thanked God that, once Manny's invitation had been made, Mark had come to his senses in time to take advantage of an opportunity that might have become lost to him forever.

"You're so fucking tight," Mark said, his hips slowly swinging back to draw his cock out to the point where only his cockhead was being held by Manny's ringed sphincter. He couldn't help comparing the tightness of this asshole with all the other assholes he had fucked. What he quickly decided was that there was really no comparison at all. Fucking this asshole was so superior, it was in a class by itself.

With the cock nearly pulled free, Manny felt disappointingly empty. So empty, in fact, that he was too anxious for a refill. He pushed his ass back and succeeded in sinking his asshole as far as it could go over the cock. He was full again!

Mark quickly got into the rhythm of things, taking up where Manny had left off by pulling out again and then ramming his cock in deep again.

Out, then in, then out. He was also expertly moving his fist up and down along the length of Manny's cock.

For a while, Mark's left hand moved from one of Manny's hard nipples to the other, squeezing in each turn. Finally, though, he moved that hand to join his other one at Manny's crotch, dropping it lower so it could cup the youth's full balls. The balls actually made more than a handful, and the excess skin, covered with blonde hair, spilled through the cracks between his fingers.

Although Mark would have liked the fuck to go on and on, he seemed unable to stop himself from fucking faster and faster. And the faster he fucked, the more his ecstasy swelled toward that climactic moment Mark had come to want, yet not want.

Mark wasn't the only one who was in seventh heaven. He wasn't the only one, either, who was streamlining for orgasm more quickly than he would have liked. The thick foreskin on Mark's cock added a cushion to the hardness of his cock that made the fuck less painful than it might have been for the both of them. The fuck had actually been devoid of pain from the very beginning. There had been mainly swelling pleasure.

"I'm going to cum, stud," Mark said apologetically. "Christ, kid, I'm sorry, but I'm going to cream."

Manny didn't know why Mark should be sorry. But then, Mark could hardly have known that Manny was as close to orgasm as Mark was. Mark, at that moment, wasn't all that sure of anything except that the spring that had been winding his guts was about to be released in an explosion of ecstasy that would send hot cum gushing from his pulsing prick.

"Cum!" Manny told him, wanting the feel of Mark's jizz blasting up his ass. He somehow knew that all he needed to trigger his own orgasm was the sensation of those ropy streamers inside of him. "Drown me in your creamy spunk!"

"Oh, sweeeeet Jesus!" Mark said, his cum beginning its journey from his balls to Manny's asshole. "Take my cum, you sexy, sexy bastard!"

Mark ground his pelvis solidly against Manny's sweaty ass and locked his cock in place. Manny, whose hands continued riding Mark's ass, tightened

his grip.

"Yes, Christ, yes!" Manny said, feeling the wads of sticky cum suddenly squirting up his ass. "Yes, you stud bastard -- yes!"

As Manny had expected, he only needed the flooding of cum up his asshole to get his own rocks off. So quickly, however, did his orgasm respond to Mark's blasting, that it was almost as if the two had started at the same time.

"I'm cummmmming!" Manny said, although his announcement was superfluous under the circumstances. There was no way either of them could have missed the sudden warmth of cum that caught on Mark's beating fingers as Manny blew his wed.

Their pantings echoed loudly in the steamy room. Their bodies were glossed attractively with perspiration caused by the heat of the steam on the outside and the heat of their passions on the inside.

They didn't stop with the fuck in the shower, probably because they wanted to take from this moment all that it could possibly offer them.

They couldn't know, after all, that this wouldn't be the first and the last time that the magic would happen for them. While they could secretly hope for more days and nights of such mutual sexual exploration and pleasure, hoping is one thing, reality another.

At that moment, though, they were committed to spending their pent up emotions. Desire had become so intense in each of them that there seemed no immediate end in sight to the needs which kept their cocks hard up to, and including, the moment Mark went belly down on a bench in the locker room and Manny prepared to fuck him up the ass.

Mark's legs were open over the bench, and his asscrack was spread wide.

His asshole was about the size of a penny. It was about that color, too.

Slightly distorted from perfect roundness, it was caved inward at its center. It was haloed by the same color hair that ran the length of the asscrack, and

spilled over onto Mark's large balls -- jet black.

Mark was lying on his cock, but his prick was hard and bent under so that Manny could see it pointed back toward him on the bench. Had Manny scooted forward and pushed his cock down to parallel the bench, his cock would have probably touched the tip of Mark's cock.

At that moment, however, Manny wasn't as interested in Mark's cock as he was interested in that man's asshole. It little mattered that his prick had already blasted off that evening, his cock had stayed hard for this moment. Manny was planning to take full advantage of further fun and games.

Mark gave a startled grunt when the cock began to enter his asshole. It wasn't a grunt of pain, either. Because, if Mark's cock fit in Manny's asshole like a hand ma rubber glove, then Manny's cock in Mark's asshole felt just as much at home. His next grunt was one of pure pleasure, the pleasure continued during the whole lengthy slide of the cock into place.

Mark's eyes were shut, his arms stretched so that his fingers were clamped over the edge of the bench. His feet were on the floor, giving him additional balance.

His cock in place up Mark's asshole, Manny felt his balls dropped all of the way down over Mark's balls. The blonde hair on his sac was entwined with the black hair on the other. Mark reached down beneath his belly and took hold of all four balls, rolling them together. He found the resulting ache a supplement to his pleasure. He knew that Mark was feeling the same ecstasies, too.

Manny locked his hands over Mark's muscled thighs, pulling back to work Mark's ass even more snugly into Manny's lap. He kept on puffing until his muscled belly was almost painfully squashed against Mark's ass. His chest pushed against Mark's back, he brought both of his legs up on the bench in a modified pushup position. By raising up on his toes, his hips could be brought to push his cock more securely into Mark's ass. Manny ran his hands down beneath Mark's arms and up to a locking behind the man's neck.

"I'm fucked inside of you, teacher, stud," Manny said in a low whisper, his lips tickled by Mark's black hair. "I'm so deep inside of you that there's no way I could get any more of my hard cock shoved into place."

Mark heard but didn't hear. He was off in his own little world just about then, marveling as to how fantastic it was to have a cock rammed up his asshole. Not just any cock, either, but Manny's cock. During all those times Mark had fantasized just such a moment, he had never dreamed that his fantasies would pale compared to wondrous reality?

The boy ground his belly against Mark's ass, making his cock stir inside Mark's asshole, nudging against the swollen prostate gland positioned there. The pleasure caused by the twisting of Manny's cock against Mark's prostate flooded Mark with excruciating delight, making fuck juice bubble from Manny's prick.

Jesus, but Manny was experiencing heaven with his cock lost up this ass!

And this was only the beginning of this particular round of ecstasy. The goodness increased in intensity as Manny raised his hips and began pulling his cock out of Mark's asshole. As soon as Manny's cock was almost free, his hips shoved his prick right into place.

"Lovely, lovely, fucking lovely," Mark said, his hard nipples chafing against the bench while Manny's nipples chafed against the hardness of the man's muscled back. "Goddamn, you fuck better than anyone I've had up my ass before you!"

Manny continued to be surprised that Mark was obviously no virgin when it came to gay sex. Manny was glad that was the case, because it was certainly easier to seduce someone whose previous experiences didn't leave him with the natural paranoia of a virgin venturing into new or forbidden territory for the first time. On the other hand, since not even a rumor of Mark's gayness had made the rounds at school, it was obvious the teacher had been very careful all those times he had indulged in male-male fun and games. Granted, Manny couldn't have known what kind of sex life Mark had had before Winburg High, but it was well known that he was a

childhood friend of Coach Kentner, and no one could have been straighter than the coach.

"Fuck me deep, fuck me fast, fuck me, Jesus, fuck me!" Mark said, his voice and another wave of pleasure bringing Manny back from his temporary reverie.

Manny's cock automatically took up a rhythmic fucking. The hairy sac that contained his balls had already lost its initial flaccidness. The skin of his ball bag had gathered into a compact ball that resembled a large and hairy apricot. The balls, ballooned as they were with Manny's newly manufactured cum, rode back and forth at the bottom of his cock, pulling farther and farther from sight as Manny's climax came closer and closer.

Manny's body was sweating. He felt a dull ache in the pit of his belly that was fanning into his chest and into his throat. Through it all, though, he continued to fuck his hard cock into Mark's tight asshole, knowing that he wouldn't be able to continue fucking too much longer before spurting his sticky cream into the hole now filled with his powerfully erect cock.

It was surprising, in some respects, that the moment between the beginning of their fucking and the ending was always so relatively shaft.

Both, after all, really weren't novice at gay sex. Since they were experienced at sucking and fucking, it might have been expected they would be capable of holding out longer than someone who was fucking for the first time.

Actually, Mark and Manny were feeling pretty much as if they were new at this game. That was because they were so turned on by each other that all previous sex suddenly faded completely into the background.

Manny's breathing became even more erratic as he moved into faster fucking cadence. He pushed and pulled his cock, his hips shifting first one way and then the other to vary the angle of penetration. He wanted his cock exploring each and every available inch of Mark's snug asshole.

He was getting his wish.

Mark simply continued to enjoy the battering he was receiving beneath Manny's hearty fucking. The bench squeaked slightly and wobbled noticeably beneath the dancing weight of the two studly bodies fucking atop it.

A point was soon reached when it was obvious that neither the older man nor the youngster would be enduring the ecstasy very much longer. It had simply become too much of a turn-on for the both of them.

Manny's whole body was tingling with a nervous energy that compelled him to deliver those final rabbit punches of his cock in Mark's asshole. His balls were sent into eruption.

"Oh, Jesus, shit." Manny yelled, heralding the first hearty squirts of his cum. He was only sorry that he couldn't have made the fuck last longer. That regret, however, was quickly lost beneath the overpowering deluge of ecstasy that filled his mind and body, blotting out every other thought.

"Drown me!" Mark commanded, feeling his cock miraculously let go its creamy load, even though his prick hadn't been touched during the whole course of this wondrous fuck. He had simply been so fucking turned on by the feel of Manny's studly cock working up his ass that he had somehow cum himself.

The rather awkward positioning of Mark's cock, pulled down in its hardness and tucked downward along the bench so that his prick pointed toward Mark's feet, sent his creamy jism out in little puddles of slime between his open thighs. Some of Manny's cum, leaking from Mark's asshole, drooled down the man's asscrack to an eventual joining with Mark's pearly splatters on the wood.

CHAPTER FOUR

There was really no need for Kyle to frame his bulged crotch in the car window before squatting down on the sidewalk to discuss business with the man inside the auto because, he knew the man. He had fucked him before, but Kyle couldn't remember the guy's name. He couldn't remember what they had done when they had made it together, either. Hell, Kyle went through so many warm bodies in a week, fucking them and getting sucked by them in the nooks and crannies all over this area of the city, it was really no wonder that names and specifics didn't remain much beyond the moment of fucking.

However, there were a few people that had something about them that made them recognizable as repeaters when they showed up again. Whatever that certain something was, Gerald Raspin had it. There was something about the man's masculine good looks that rang bells somewhere in Kyle's mind.

Kyle thought it was probably because few people who looked as good as Gerald did were really into paying for sex.

"Still forty dollars a throw?" Gerald asked, reaffirming that he had discussed finances with Kyle before. He already had two twenties out of his pocket.

Kyle opened the door and got in although he didn't immediately take the money.

"It depends upon what you have in mind this time around," he said.

While the door had been open the inside light had been on. Kyle saw that Gerald was in good shape. Had his good looks been only an illusion spawned by the dimness, he would have certainly made it a point to unscrew or even remove the small light bulb. Very few of the cars Kyle had crawled into had lights when the doors came open. Most of the time, he could be more thankful for the darkness. Some people were better fucked without ever really seeing them closely.

"Well, first I thought we'd drive somewhere a little less public," Gerald said. "Like to an alley close by that you and I both know. Then I thought I'd wrap my hungry mouth around your big cock just long enough to get your prick lubricated for a fuck. Then I figured to go dog-style here on the seat, my head stuck out the window like a cur taking the air, while you fucked me fast and deep from the rear. And, if you were up to it, I thought it might be nice if you'd reach one of your large hands down beneath my belly and do the milking of my prick to make it squirt cream."

"Then it's still forty bucks a throw," Kyle said, reaching for the money.

He folded the bills and stuffed them in his tight front pants pocket.

"Great!" Gerald said, looking as genuinely pleased as he was feeling. He could still remember how it had been the last time Kyle had fucked him, Gerald leaning up against the rotting bricks of that building in the alleyway.

Gerald drove to that same alley, figuring that there would be some magic existing there that could assure him of another good fuck. He knew that wasn't always the way it went, but he intuitively felt that Kyle wouldn't be any less apt to be the stud now than he had been before, no matter where Gerald took him.

"If you'd like to pull out your cock," Gerald said, "I'll see what I can do now about getting my ass ready for fucking."

Gerald had worn loafers which easily slipped off. He had worn no belt and no underpants, so all he really had to do was unbutton, unzip, and lift his ass while he pulled his trousers down around his hips and legs. He stepped completely out of his trousers, leaving them pooled on top of his shoes on the floor.

Kyle, able to get his cock free easily after years of practice, had kept his eyes pinned on Gerald's emerging lower body. He couldn't help but be impressed with what he was seeing, knowing that if he was impressed this time, he would have undoubtedly been impressed the last time. Still, it was impossible for him to remember just when that last time had been.

Gerald's cock was eight inches of hard stiffness that looked no less impressive for having been deprived of its bulky foreskin. His prick's tip was as big as a fist, the rest of his cock being thick enough to prevent Kyle's large hand from closing around Gerald's prick. His balls were large, dropped to the expensive leather of the car seat in a bag that was furred with thick brown hair. The hair spilled over onto Gerald's muscled thighs as well as under and up into the crack of the man's ass. The man's ass was well shaped, without an ounce of fat on his asscheeks. As far as Kyle was concerned, it was going to be a pleasure fucking Gerald.

By the time Gerald was ready, the window on his side rolled down to give his forearms somewhere to rest when it came time for him to get fucked, Kyle had his hard cock and large balls freed of his jeans.

"You said something about starting out with a suck, right?" Kyle said.

"Right you are," Gerald said in ready agreement. Kyle's cock and balls were just as Gerald remembered them. On second thought, they were possibly even bigger than he remembered. No matter, Gerald's mouth began to water at the sight of those ten hard inches of cock with accompanying hairy balls. Several large veins twisted around the shaft of the prick, much like pythons twisting around a caduceus. The bushing of the crotch hair on Kyle's lower belly was visible through the open fly.

"So, come and get it," Kyle said. He scooted himself up against the door on his side of the car, lifting his left leg up over the back of the seat, letting his right leg fall over the front edge of the seat. The maneuver opened his thighs wide, giving Gerald plenty of room to move in and suck Kyle's prick. Gerald wasted little time.

Gerald touched Kyle's cock, feeling the velvety softness of the bulky skin that covered the hard inner core. He made a fist around the hard-on, his fingers hardly able to make the journey all of the way around the sizable thickness.

"Think you can take all of it, sucker?" Kyle asked. He really did like it when his cock was lost all of the way up a sucking mouth and throat.

There were few guys who ended up sucking up all ten of his healthy inches. Most guys ended up just working over the top half, letting their hand fondle the rest. Some just kept sucking on the very tip until Kyle blew his load. It was funny how different guys seemed to have developed their own individual styles for delivering head.

"You like that, do you?" Gerald asked, his hand moving the foreskin up along the cock to the point where nothing was visible except for the wet slicing that was drooling clear fuck juices.

"I like mouth better," Kyle said. "Most guys can't make the trip all of the way to the bottom, you know? I said to myself, though, 'Here's one stud, I'll bet, who has the expertise to handle even my long inches.' Was I right?"

"Sure, I'll swallow up this cock of yours for you," Gerald said. "I want it all juiced up, after all, don't I? Getting even one inch of this monster jabbed right up my ass could send my tight asshole ripping, couldn't it? And, you can bet your ass, I wouldn't want that."

Gerald didn't say anything more. He came after Kyle's cock with a hungry mouth that first capped the head of Kyle's cock and then began to slide right on down his prick.

"I don't know, buddy," Kyle said, watching as Gerald's head moved closer and closer toward his crotch hair, feeling the pleasure of Gerald's swallowing mouth. "I wouldn't want to choke you to death, you know?"

Gerald didn't figure he was going to choke at all, even if ten inches were a mouthful. He consciously relaxed his throat muscles at the same time he felt the reflexive movement by Kyle that caused him to put his hands on Gerald's head.

"Yes, yes, yes," Kyle said, his voice a low chant as Gerald dropped even closer toward success.

Gerald suddenly remembered what he had enjoyed so much about this particular stud the last time. It was that Kyle had really seemed to enjoy their sex. Whether it was actual enjoyment or merely pretend, it had seemed

real at the tune. And that was what was important as far as Gerald was concerned. Gerald had paid some guys who had acted as if they were fucking bored to tears during the whole sex act. That was okay if the customer was in the game of getting off on guys who were disdainful of the whole scene, but that had never been Gerald's prime turnon. Gerald liked the idea that what he was personally doing was so good that he could get a pro to climb the walls. A hustler who could get Gerald to think Gerald was delivering pleasure only made Gerald all that much more anxious. Gerald loved to show what he could really do for a guy who possibly thought he had already seen and felt it all.

Kyle's enjoyment wasn't feigned at all. It didn't make too much difference who Gerald was with once that final shuddering was reached.

Kyle hadn't blasted his rocks yet but that didn't mean it wasn't a pleasurable experience for him. The lead in, though, sometimes left a little to be desired. This lead in, however, was all that good sex was cracked up to be. What's more, Kyle suddenly believed that Gerald just might very well dive all of the way to Kyle's balls, submerging all of the young hustler's big cock into a clutching tube that could seem as tight as any asshole.

"That's the way to do it, stud," Kyle said encouragingly. He was tempted to use his hands to push Gerald's head down hard and fast over the swallowed portion of his hard cock. Kyle controlled those temptations however. The last thing Kyle wanted to do at this point, success so close, was to do anything that would abort everything by making Gerald choke on his mouthful.

Gerald was thankful that Kyle had sense enough to let him proceed at his own speed. While Gerald felt pretty confident that he could have taken the cock no matter how fast Kyle might suddenly decide to feed it to him, he felt more assured of success by easing himself downward, taking Kyle's prick a slow inch at a time. It wasn't everyday, after all, that Gerald lucked out by getting such a large and luscious piece of male meatiness.

As his gumming lips slipped farther and farther along Kyle's cock, Gerald used his tongue to wash the prick. His spit smeared every bit of the cock that penetrated his mouth. The whole purpose of all of this was to get Kyle's

cock prepared for a fuck of Gerald's asshole. And, as pleasurable as it might have been to swallow all this warm hardness, Gerald wasn't about to lose sight of what this was all about. Some people might have preferred sucking cock to anything else. But, as good as Gerald was at giving head, he got off mainly with cock up his asshole. That was what he had paid for and what he meant to have.

Kyle's cock was thicker toward the bottom, causing Gerald's mouth to come open so wide that he momentarily worried that he might suddenly lose the protective shield his lips had formed over his teeth. He knew that Kyle wouldn't have been too appreciative of having his cock suddenly scraped raw. Gerald's lips, though, stayed in place, and he soon adjusted to the additional stretching required of his mouth. He didn't have too much farther to swallow before complete success anyway.

"Oh my God, you did it!" Kyle said, his tone indicating how rarely he came across a man who really knew how to show a well hung stud a good time. He gave a little reflexive bucking of his hips to verify that his cock was really inserted all the way. His black crotch hair bushed around Gerald's nose. Gerald's chin was resting on the fleshy pillow formed by Kyle's large sac of balls.

Kyle squirmed, his ass grinding against the car seat, his hands combing through Gerald's brown hair.

Gerald stayed right where he was, oozing more spit to drench the cock inside of his mouth. He was quite willing to let Kyle enjoy the pleasure of finding a mouth and a throat capable of swallowing his prick all the way. In fact, this cock felt so comfortable that Gerald was tempted to come back for seconds at some future date in order to see just what he could really do with Kyle's prick if he put his mind to it. Not this time, however. His asshole was already crying out for a lick, and Gerald had all intentions of letting his asshole have its way.

"Do me a favor, stud, and give a few bounces over my cock," Kyle said.

"Just a couple to really give me a chance to get primed for the fucking.

What do you say?"

Gerald figured he could manage that well enough. He didn't have to, of course. He really hadn't paid out good money to see that Kyle had a good time. But a few slow and easy bounces of his head over Kyle's cock was no sweat off his balls. Actually, he figured he would probably enjoy sucking Kyle's prick a little longer. Besides, by giving Kyle this little bonus, the hustler would hopefully feel obligated to really show Gerald a good time once his cock left Gerald's mouth and he started fucking Gerald's tight asshole.

Putting his left hand on top of Kyle's right thigh, his right hand on the bottom of the thigh of the leg Kyle had lifted over the back of the seat, Gerald began to pull his mouth back up along the cock. Despite the dimness of the lighting, Gerald had a pretty good view of Kyle's cock as his prick came sliding out between his lips. The prick looked so big and so unending that even Gerald took a moment to marvel at the expertise which had allowed him to swallow the cock entirely without choking once.

Gerald continued releasing the cock up to the point where he could feel the flare of the cockhead beneath the cushioning foreskin that his lips had tugged upward along the solid core.

"Goddamn, Goddamn!" Kyle moaned, feeling Gerald once again falling down over his stiff cock. What Kyle wouldn't have given to keep this guy bouncing over his prick until the cum came squirting out. As many times as Kyle had gotten blown off in any one evening, it had been one hell of a long time since he had lucked out in getting someone good enough to keep up a steady bounce from bottom to top until his final moment of eruption. And now that he had someone who, he was sure, could give him the kind of blowjob to rival an ass fuck, the guy was into fucking not sucking.

Kyle was forever wondering what it was that decided just what would be the biggest turn on for any particular person. Even more mysterious was why many who were turned on by, say, sucking cock could never really get proficient at their specialty. Kyle had one regular paying customer who gave the worst cocksucker ever, so bad, as a matter of fact, that Kyle had trouble getting off during them. He finally had to insist that the guy pay

more money for the privilege of sucking Kyle's prick. Yet, as often as Kyle had tried to give that man pointers on how to improve his sucking techniques, he might as well have been talking to a wall.

Now, here he was with a stud who knew how to suck big cock so well that he already had Kyle climbing the wall, and what Gerald wanted to really do was fuck Kyle hoped that Gerald was a good fuck, because he was going to have to be exceptionally good to be better than he was at giving head.

"Yea, swing on my fat prick," Kyle said, wishing the swinging could continue to the grand finale. "Swing, swing, Jesus, swing."

Gerald's mouth and throat had completely adjusted to the substantial mouthful. Each bounce of his face took Kyle's prick down to his big balls and then up to the point where the cock was almost completely released.

While each bounce brought Gerald more and more enjoyment, especially since a deluge of delicious fuck juices had leaked from the cock to cover his tongue, he still hadn't lost sight of what he had really bought and paid for from this young hustler.

On the next upswing, Gerald came loose. He figured that it would be better to release the cock now rather than build Kyle to the point where the hustler would resent Gerald pulling away before the finish.

"I think that cock of yours looks lubricated enough now, even for my tight asshole," Gerald said, sitting back to take a good look at the results of his labors.

Kyle's cock was harder than ever, impressive as his prick stuck straight upward to parallel his belly. Kyle's cock had entered Gerald's mouth dry but had come out soaked with slick saliva. The sac that contained Kyle's balls was no longer flaccid, his balls no longer pooled on the car seat.

The bag had begun to compact, lifting both balls upward in the process.

His balls shifted with a mysterious life of their own.

Kyle had somehow sensed when the exact moment would be that Gerald would pull away, and he had been damned tempted to use his hands to forcefully keep Gerald anchored in place. A sense of professional ethics had kept him from making Gerald do something the man hadn't bargained or paid for.

Kyle was now tempted to renew some of the pleasure of that absent mouth by wrapping his hand around his prick and pumping. He didn't do that, either, seeing that Gerald had moved into a position for fucking.

Gerald crawled up on his hands and knees on the front seat. He then moved forward, his forearms on the edge of the open window. Resting his right cheek on his right wrist, he projected his ass back toward Kyle who was waiting. Kyle wasted no time at all in getting into position.

Having been deprived of Gerald's hot mouth, Kyle was more than ready to make the best of this latest situation. Besides, there was no denying that Gerald's ass looked inviting, its two muscled buns mirroring each other across his deep asscrack.

The asscheeks were just about as hard as they looked, too. When Kyle took hold of them, pushing them open along their mutually shared crease, it was like palming warm bronze. The revealed fucker looked as if it were indicating an entrance to one nicely tight asshole.

Kyle scooted into place. Rather than having both of his knees on the seat, his right leg was standing on the floor. Kyle's cock and Gerald's asshole couldn't have been any better aligned. All Kyle had to do was push his cock down and put the tip of his prick to Gerald's asshole.

Fucking Gerald's ass couldn't have been simpler.

"You want this ass of yours fucked, right?" Kyle asked. By that point, it really didn't much matter whether Gerald wanted to be fucked or not. Kyle desperately needed the fucking and, so positioned, was prepared to fuck him, ready or not. The man had asked for a fuck of his ass, after all. He had bought and paid for an ass fuck. Fucking now would merely mean that Kyle was paying off his part of the bargain.

By that time, however, Gerald was just as anxious to have Kyle's cock jabbed up his ass as Kyle was to put his prick there. The juices Gerald had sucked from Kyle's cock had acted as an aphrodisiac, making Gerald hot, hot, hot.

"Fuck me!" Gerald said, jiggling his ass in lascivious invitation. "Plow that big, thick cock of yours so far up my asshole that I can taste it."

Kyle told himself to fuck Gerald the right way. Kyle wanted no amateurish jabs that could somehow dislodge his cock before his prick was really buried as securely up Gerald's asshole as his cock had previously been buried up Gerald's mouth and throat. What Kyle did was exert just enough initial pressure to push his cockhead in through Gerald's asshole, the rest of his cock forming a bridge between his lower belly and Gerald's bumpy ass.

Kyle released his handholds on Gerald's assbuns, letting them collapse inward. He slapped the asscheeks, further excited by the resounding collision of flesh.

"Relax your ass, stud," Kyle said. "Because, you are about to get the cock you bought and paid for. And, if you won't be able to taste my prick once I've got it jabbed inside of you, it won't be because of my not trying."

He slapped Gerald's ass again. This time, though, he didn't let his hands slide away. He left them right where they landed and took hold. At the same time, his hips came slamming forward. The force of his forward bucking, combined with the spit veneering his cock, did the trick. His cock streamlined into the tightness, continuing to penetrate until there was no more cock left to stick inside of Gerald's ass.

Kyle's belly pounded into place, the metal buttons on his jeans pressing deep indents into Gerald's ass.

"Fuck meeeeeee!" Gerald said, his squeal ending in breathless wheezing.

The moment Kyle's cock had begun that momentous stab deep into Gerald's asshole, Gerald's head had lifted from his forearms. By the time Kyle's belly

had slammed into place, Gerald's head had arched back on his neck and almost banged against the frame of the open window.

"Damn, damn, hot fucking damn!" Kyle cried, first kneading Gerald's asscheeks beneath his clawing fingers and then slapping the assbuns again and again before getting another hold of them.

Now that Kyle's cock was fully inserted, it felt to both the younger and the older man as if the ass sheath was too small for the prick inside.

The asshole collapsed inward on the violating cock with such a vengeance that Kyle's cock seemed forced to a longer length and a smaller circumference. What's more, Gerald's asshole seemed intent upon going even tighter.

There was pain for the both of them. There was pain in the tightness of the fit, pain in the slaps of Kyle delivered to Gerald's ass, pain in the needs that had made each of them want this fuck so Goddamned badly. The pain, though, could almost be entirely overlooked in the overpowering flood of pleasure which accompanied the ass fuck.

Kyle hunched forward over the man, his hips pulling out his cock. At first, the freeing of even part of his cock from the asshole seemed almost impossible. Gerald's asshole was gripping so tightly that Kyle's cock didn't seem able to move except at a snail's pace. The asshole did relax, though, after a time. Kyle's cock was busy leaking clear fuck juices to be added to the spit already lubricating the asshole.

"Do you feel fucked, stud?" Kyle asked, suddenly glad that Gerald had interrupted the suck. As impossible as it might have seemed, what Kyle was experiencing was far better than what he had felt when his cock had been locked in Gerald's throat.

"I feel fucked," Gerald said, thinking that had to be the understatement of the year. "Jesus, God, do I feel fucked!"

"Well, you're going to feel even more fucked," Kyle promised. While still snug, the asshole was finally relaxed enough and wet enough to allow

Kyle's prick freer movement. Kyle wasted little time in taking up the fuck in earnest. Actually, he had very little choice in the matter. Those needs which had been building inside of him while his cock was buried in Gerald's experienced mouth had become even more pronounced since his cock had been shoved up Gerald's tight asshole.

Gerald finally found his voice again, proceeding to utter a low and guttural groan that was more animalistic than human. Gerald lowered his forehead back to his forearms, angling his head so he could look down beneath his chest and belly to see his hard cock jutting there. His asshole was on fire, and the fire was spreading all through him, making him sweat. His shirt was damp in its armpits.

Kyle's cock, drawn out to its tip, came ramming in again. As his prick did so, he struck Gerald's prostate gland. Kyle's balls squashed against the man's fucked ass. The front of Kyle's trousers had turned dark from the perspiration glossing Gerald's asscheeks.

"You wanted to suck my cock, and I let you suck it," Kyle said, his prick on the move. "You wanted me to fuck you, and I'm fucking you. You wanted me to beat your cock, and I'm even going to do that for you, you lucky bastard. I'd say you were getting your money's worth, wouldn't you?"

"Jesus, you're worth every penny!" Gerald said, trembling with the sudden feel of Kyle's right hand around his cock.

"Your cock is all wet," Kyle said, capturing the sex juices with his fingers and smearing them along the length of the cock. "It's leaking like a siv. Does that mean you're having a good time? Does it, huh? Huh?"

The question, of course, was superfluous, but that wasn't really the reason Gerald didn't answer. He didn't answer because he was presently unable to say anything understandable. His pleasure, sent spiraling by the cock up his ass and by the hand on his prick, scrambled any words he could have come up with.

While Kyle was doing a little bit better, as far as speaking was concerned, he soon lost whatever concentration was needed to continue with coherent

speech. All of his attention was diverted to the one thing in his life which had become important to him -- the drive his senses were making toward orgasm. If Kyle had thought before that he needed release from the tensions which had taken root inside of him, those needs were nothing compared to the ones which rose to take full and complete control of him.

Kyle fucked like a fuck machine. His prime motivation became the pushing and the pulling of his cock in Gerald's asshole. While his right hand continued to whip Gerald's hard cock toward an explosion, that rhythm was merely an automatic response to their sensuous fucking.

Kyle's mind told him to fuck, so he fucked. He fucked faster and faster and faster. The whack of his belly against Gerald's ass, muted by the jeans covering the hustler's lower body, was a distinct thumping that was accompanied by loud, low, soft, and ragged grunts, groans, and sighs.

Added to all of that noise were the sexually wet sounds of Kyle's cock fucking Gerald's asshole and Kyle's hand beating on Gerald's stiff prick.

Kyle recognized this as one of those rare bouts of sex that somehow managed to stand out among all of the other fucks in which he had participated. Gerald would look upon this fuck as one of the best fucks he had ever received and probably ever would receive.

They couldn't go on forever. The pleasure was so intense that it was doubtful either would have been able to survive much more of the ecstasy without shooting his creamy load. As it was, both men reached a point, just before they were going to cum, when they began to believe they had bitten off more than they could chew.

"Goddamn it, let me cum!" Kyle shouted, as if it were somehow Gerald's fault that Kyle couldn't quite seem to slip over the hump into that delicious oblivion he was so hot to realize. "Bastard, bastard, bastard, let me cream!"

There was nothing Gerald would have liked more than to let Kyle cream, feeling in the very depths of his being that his own climax would be more easily achieved once Kyle's thick cream was spurting to drown Gerald's ravaged asshole. As it was, all Gerald could do was contract his ass

muscles, thinking that doing so might afford the additional friction necessary to tip the scales.

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" Kyle said, thinking that he had finally arrived. He slammed his cock into place, left it there, and became panic stricken when there was no immediate releasing of his cum even though his cock was pulsing frantically inside Gerald's asshole.

"Jesus, Jesus, fucking Jesus!" Gerald squealed when Kyle's cock finally erupted with a forceful shot of cum that chattered Kyle's teeth. More squirts were almost as powerful and completely filled all of the available space in Gerald's asshole.

"I'm cummmmmming! I'm cummmmmming!"

Kyle screamed, hardly believing the wonder of his finally being at that point that he thought he would never reach. He was so caught up in his own sun-bursting ecstasy that he wasn't even aware that his hand had continued pumping Gerald's cock. He certainly wasn't aware that Gerald, like the young hustler, was finally shooting his wad.

While Kyle's thick jism continued to overflow Gerald's ass, Gerald's cum was blasting to paint the side of the car door with slugs of pearly cream that clung to the leather upholstery. The less forceful of his ejaculations spattered the seat or caught on Kyle's frantically whipping fingers.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Damn it!" Manny said, tossing his schoolbooks on the couch and sitting down.

Leave it to a horny father to have someone there when Kyle needed desperately to have one of their beneficial father-son talks. Manny knew without even going up the stairs that his father had some hot number up there in the bedroom. While Manny couldn't hear the sounds of the heated lovers, one of the two pairs of shoes which had been left in the living room weren't his father's. His father wore a size eleven to match, as Manny had always said, the size of Clyde Wilson's large cock. Actually, Clyde's cock was more like ten inches, but that was neither here nor there.

Manny got up and headed for the stairs, only confirming, when he reached the hallway at the top, that his father and some stud were busy fucking and sucking up a storm. Besides the muted sexual sounds coming from the closed bedroom door, there was a "Do Not Disturb" sign, the one Clyde had swiped from the Mark Hopkins Hotel the last time he had been in San Francisco, hanging on the doorknob.

Of course, Manny could have gone barging in. The chances were very good his father hadn't even bothered locking the door. However that was liable to spoil whatever it was his father was doing. Some tricks never recovered from the shock of having a son walk in while the father was getting fucked in the asshole, apparently being unable to understand that any father and son could be as close as Manny and Clyde were.

Clyde had no qualms whatsoever about letting his son participate in most heated three-ways with him, but he usually liked a prior sampling of the stud's prick to rate him. He thought he could usually tell someone that Manny would like, and vice versa, and he was seldom wrong. The "Do Not Disturb" sign meant that he really hadn't made up his mind about the standing of this trick yet.

Manny stood there, tempted nevertheless, to go barreling in. He was that upset because what should have been some of the happiest days of his life had been ruined just because Mr. Torric had apparently come away running scared from their fantastic sex in the gym that one evening after school.

Goddamn it, Manny had been looking forward to night after night of similar sex with Mr. Torric. And what did that paranoid bastard do but take a leave of absence from the school, coming up with some sob story about a dying uncle. Manny didn't believe a fucking word of that story, and he wanted his father to find out what in the hell had really happened. Clyde, a lawyer, had all sorts of contacts. If Mark Torric had a dying uncle, Clyde would be able to find out. If there was no dying uncle, Clyde would be able to find that out, too.

"Just calm down, you fuckhead," Manny told himself, deciding, once again, that there was no point in interrupting his father. If Clyde had picked up somebody at this time of day, it had probably meant that he had been cruising Tennyson University. The campus was only a few blocks away.

Manny headed for the walk-in linen closet that began where his father's bedroom left off. He opened the door, stepped inside, and pulled the door shut behind him. He stood there for several moments, waiting for his eyes to adjust. He knew from past experience that it wouldn't be long before he could see forms in the darkness. He was familiar enough with the layout of the small room so that he wouldn't need light in order to get him to the peephole.

He found the spot with no trouble. The closet was a deep one, and the peephole was down beneath the shelves along the side wall banking his father's bedroom. The floor there was cushioned with several quilts and pillows. The spot had been a popular one with Manny back when he was getting the gist of the gay scene by watching his father perform. Manny had learned one hell of a lot from those voyeuristic experiences.

Manny had spent more than his share of time on the other side of this peephole, too. That had been before he had gotten his thing for Mr.

Torric, though. Since then, Manny had seemed more content with his fantasies of Mark, combined as they were with private masturbation. Manny had found in Mr. Torric, even before that heated night in the gym, all he had ever wanted or fantasized in a lover, and now he had lost him.

The peephole was covered by a plastic circle that could be swung easily to one side. On the other side, the hole was cleverly concealed in a metal collage that covered a large segment of the bedroom wall.

Manny's father had obliged by leaving the lights on. Certainly, he hadn't done so because he was expecting his son to be spying on the action.

Clyde had pretty well decided that this thing Manny had for his English teacher had pretty much monopolized his son's time. Clyde certainly had no objection. He had met Mark Torric and rather liked him. He could certainly see what there was in Mark that had attracted Manny to him.

The way Clyde had it figured, this relationship between his son and Mark was nobody's business but their own. He only hoped that they would be able to handle it like adults. That was just what Clyde had told his son.

The problem was, as Clyde saw it, that teacher-student relationships, especially gay ones, were still not looked upon kindly by a society that seemed quite prepared to make some concessions to homosexuality on other fronts.

Clyde certainly hadn't mentioned anything about that to Manny, however.

He had, after all, seen the signs of love in Manny's eyes long before the kid had come back to report on his successful seduction of Mark Torric in the school gymnasium.

The lights in the bedroom were because Clyde liked to see what was going on. While there was something to be said for sex in complete darkness, Clyde had never brought home pigs that were better fucked in the dark.

And while the braille method of feeling out a trick could be fun for awhile, there could be no doubt that Clyde liked a good body, a good cock, and a

good ass -- too much to keep them hidden by unnecessary blackness. To be doubly sure that he could see, he had liberally distributed mirrors around the room. There were mirrors on the wall, even mirrors on the ceiling.

At the moment Manny put his eye to the peephole, his father and Philip Mason could be seen reflected in all of those mirrors. They were both stark naked on the bed, Clyde getting fucked by Philip who was coming at him from the top, Clyde's legs lifted to lock in Philip's lower back.

As Manny had suspected, Clyde had picked up Philip on the campus. Clyde had just finished giving a talk as guest lecturer for a class of his friend Professor Klinesdale when he had lucked out by finding Philip in a popular cruising spot to one side of the university library. Philip was majoring in architectural design.

Even Manny had to admit that his father had picked a winner this time and that was comparing him to a whole long line of attractive studs Manny had seen in Clyde's bedroom.

Philip had black hair. Clyde, Manny had early noted, seemed to have a penchant for dark-complected men. His son had possibly inherited that inclination, seeing as how Manny had been so attracted to the dark-complected Mark Torric. Maybe it had something to do with opposites attracting. Of course, there was a decidedly aesthetic beauty to be had when putting a blonde and a dark-complected man together on the white sheets of any bed. And if Philip was dark-complected, Clyde Wilson was about as blonde as they came.

At thirty-eight, Clyde still had a full head of straw colored hair. Cut conservatively in order to keep judges from being alienated by a longhaired lawyer, he cut the perfect picture of one of those Aryan supermen Hitler seemed so intent on producing although Clyde wouldn't have been particularly pleased by any such comparisons. His people were not German but Swedish, he had been forced to point out on more than one occasion when some trick had been turned on by fantasies of getting raped by a member of the SS elite. The fact that Clyde's grandfather had been executed by the Nazis for his participation in the resistance movement during World War II hadn't made Clyde too fond of Germans in the first place.

Not that Clyde had any objections to putting on leather and beating a few asses. He always nixed any Gestapo fantasies in himself although he couldn't really know what was going through the minds of anyone he fucked.

At thirty-eight, he still had the body of someone in his middle twenties.

In fact, he and Manny were always being mistaken for brothers when they went to the beach. Clyde's wrinkles and imperfections, what few he had, had a way of keeping hidden even in the brightest sunlight. It didn't hurt, of course, that Clyde exercised regularly and was worked over three times a week by a Swiss masseur. Manny's own exceptional physique owed a good deal to that same masseur.

Philip, at twenty-two, and in exceptionally good physical shape, certainly didn't look in any better condition than did the man he was fucking.

Manny watched. He wasn't really seeing his father and Philip Mason on the bed as much as he was seeing himself and Mark Torric there. When Clyde writhed in ecstasy, Manny envisioned himself writhing in ecstasy with Mark's hard cock thrust up his asshole. When Philip's asscheeks dimpled on an inward fuck stroke, Manny could only see that as being Mark's ass.

At about that moment, even in the face of the pleasure being conjured for him in the course of his fuck, Clyde somehow sensed that he was being watched by his son. Since Philip, completely caught up in the fuck as he was, suspected nothing, Clyde's intuitive realization of Manny's presence on the other side of the peephole was probably born of his having so often fucked and sucked in this room, both while Manny had watched and while Manny hadn't watched. He, therefore, had a kind of sixth sense which told him, with undeniable assurance, that Manny was there now. That knowledge wasn't anything that worried him, at least not at the moment.

So caught up in his enjoyment was he, he did not realize at the time that it was a little out of character for Manny, so in love with Mark Torric, to be suddenly back to playing voyeur. Clyde was too busy feeling that additional excitement he seemed to experience whenever his son was watching him perform.

"Faster, fuck me faster!" Clyde said, encouraging Philip to move his fucking into an even higher gear -- something that Philip was only too happy to do. In fact, fucking faster was something Philip would have probably done even if he hadn't been asked. He had just fucked himself over one more emotional plateau, heading toward that ultimate plateau which would have him spasming in orgasm.

Clyde hitched his legs higher along Philip's back, his knees hooking over Philip's powerful shoulders. Clyde could look at the creases formed in his belly, down to where he could actually see the way Philip's cock was disappearing inside of him and then almost pulling free. Clyde's own cock was hard and leaking clear juices, most of which had been caused as a direct result of the massage being given his prostate by Philip's cock up his ass.

Clyde reached for his own cock and fisted it. He began to beat his prick in a cadence that matched the rhythm of Philip's hearty fucking. His ball sac had contracted, bringing his balls up to hold against the base of his cock. Clyde's balls were chockfull of cum that was preparing for eruption. His cock was swelling with the friction caused by the drag of palm and fingers against it. Clyde's steadily oozing juices slicked his fist, some of the excess splattering his chest and neck.

"I'm getting there, stud," Philip said, his skin glossy with sweat beneath the black hair that matted his chest. "Goddamn it, you sexy bastard, I'm getting close."

Beads of perspiration stuck his dark hair to his forehead. His cheeks and upper lip were damp. His muscled belly stuck to Clyde's ass on each forward heave.

As far as watching the action, Philip was doing his share of that, too, turned on as he was by the sight of himself fucking away at Clyde's asshole. Everywhere he looked, there were mirrors that reflected back to him the sight of his hips pounding against Clyde's ass. In his pushup position, though, Philip really got his best view by merely looking down along his chest and belly, seeing Clyde beating his own cock as he did so, finally focusing in on the fucking of his cock at Clyde's ass pucker.

Philip considered himself lucky to have latched onto this stud. The young student had taken one look at this blonde, butch number, dressed in a conservative three-piece, suit at the time, and he had known he was going to bed the hunk or die trying. And then to get to fuck him, well, that was really a special treat. At first glance, Clyde's cool blonde looks gave all indication that he was the kind to play top man in any bedroom scene.

Clyde arched his head back into the bed, the muscled cords of his neck standing out in high relief. His moans came long and low, punctuated by breathless sighs. If Philip was pumped to the verge of a climax, Clyde sure as hell wasn't all that far behind. It wasn't going to take too long now before both men teetered on a brink that would soon plunge them into sensual oblivion.

Manny, watching through the peephole, knew that his father was about to pop his rocks. But, then, Manny had seen his father cum enough times to read all of the signs. Philip, who was teamed with Clyde for the first time, could only hope that his partner was near explosion, because Philip was so near to coming that he was sure his final seconds had already begun.

He shoved his hard cock fast up Clyde's asshole, pulled his prick free to its tip, and bucked his cock in again. This time he left his prick there, his lap rolling tightly into place against the circular mounds of Clyde's hard ass.

"Take my load!" Philip cried, his voice guttural as he felt his insides sucked down to his balls by some mysterious vacuum. "Jesus, God, take my cummy, cummy load, you sexy, sexy bastard!"

"Give it to me, stud!" Clyde yelled, feeling the pulsing of Philip's cock in orgasm even before the first soupy shots of Philip's cum had made the trip from the student's balls to the opening at the top of his giant, uncut cock. "Drown me in your smelly spunk, you studly sonofabitch!"

They both blew their hot and runny wads of cum, slick jism webbing Clyde's fingers and his asshole at the same time.

Manny watched the two rutting men on the bed, telling himself that his hardon had more to do with his thoughts of Mark than it did with what he

saw happening in his father's bedroom. On the other hand, there was certainly no denying the fact that what he was witnessing was sexier than hell. Manny had always found his father an excitingly sexy man back as far as Manny could remember, certainly back before the time his father had taken him off to one side and told him about the sexual alternatives everyone had available to them in a lifetime.

Philip, after having spasmed out his last, pulled his cock free of Clyde's ass and collapsed on the bed beside the man he had just fucked so thoroughly. Philip's hairy chest was rising and falling like a bellows.

The completely flaccid condition of Philip's cock at that moment indicated to Manny that the two studs had probably done a hell of a lot more fucking around before Manny had arrived on the scene.

Clyde rolled slightly, bringing himself up and partially over the body of his companion.

"Why don't you rest up for a few minutes, huh?" Clyde said. "You know where the bathroom is in case you want to freshen up, don't you?"

"I'm not too sure that I want to let you out of my sight now that I've found you," Philip said, marveling at how he had just finished fucking this handsome buck to a mutual climax.

"I've got a couple of business calls that have to be made," Clyde said.

"I figure I'll be back just about the time this," and he picked up Philip's limp cock, "is ready for a bit more action."

Actually, Clyde didn't have any phone calls to make at all. His sexual high over for the moment, he had suddenly taken to wondering just what in the hell had brought Manny to the other side of the peephole since his son had for so long been saving himself for his private fantasies revolving around Mark Torric.

Clyde reached for his robe on a chair by the bed and slipped it on.

Philip was actually sorry to see all that beautiful nakedness covered up.

Philip, who had lucked out by having sex with some of the top jocks on campus, couldn't believe this older man's physique was so much superior to all of those younger men.

Manny wasn't surprised when his father, a few moments later, opened the closet door and switched on the light -- Manny was sure he would have known if he had been fucking and his father had been watching. It was just that kind of special awareness they had always shared since before the time Manny had come to realize his mother was dead and Clyde was all there was left to him by way of family. In fact, if Manny hadn't intuitively known that Clyde was on his way to the closet, Manny would have hurried put to intercept him.

"You have a hardon," Clyde said, pulling the door shut behind him and leaning up against it. "If you'd like to step next door, I think I've found out enough about Philip to know that he might be induced into making it a three-way."

"That his name?" Manny asked. "Philip?"

"Philip Mason," Clyde said.

"He's majoring in architectural design, and, as you've undoubtedly seen, is built like the proverbial brick shithouse."

"He certainly, is that," Manny said in ready agreement.

"But, I'm really not here to discuss Philip," Clyde said. He could tell from the moment he had walked in that something was wrong. Hell, it was written all over his son's attractive face.

It didn't take Clyde all of that long to get the story out of Manny, either. Manny, after all, knew that if his father couldn't help him, there was probably going to be no help for him at all.

"Will you check on it for me, Dad?" Manny asked.

"Sure," Clyde said. By that time, he had joined Manny on the quilts. "If you're sure you wouldn't rather just leave it the way it is."

"I'm sure," Manny said.

At that point, Clyde really wouldn't have predicted what the outcome was going to be of the relationship begun by his son and Mark Torric. None of Manny's tale sounded good, but then he couldn't really know where Mark's thoughts were at the moment. If the man was off sorting out a few things, maybe it was better to let him do just that. On the other hand, Manny, who seemed to have handled the whole thing a hell of a lot better than his teacher had, was pretty upset by the fact that Mark might be about to end an affair that Manny considered hardly begun. Clyde supposed it wouldn't do any harm to do a little checking. It hadn't been all that long ago that Clyde had had a crush on his college gymnastics teacher.

"That's settled, then," Clyde said. "Until then, do you think I could persuade you to sample a little fun and games with me and Philip?"

"Naw, I don't think so," Manny said, knowing that there was really only one person he really wanted to have sex with ever again, even if that man was apparently running scared.

"You know," Clyde said, walking two fingers up Manny's left leg toward the large ridge that was aimed downward along the boy's thigh, "when you get something that hard in your pants, you really should take care of it or you risk the consequences of coming up with a pair of blue balls bigger than robin's eggs."

"I'll take care of it later," Manny said. By that time, however, his father's hand was resting over Manny's concealed cock, stroking the solid inches through the denim of the pants leg.

"Later when?" Clyde asked, not removing his hand. His fingers began an even more thorough massage of Manny's prick. "In your room? Alone?"

Stewing over the departed Mr. Torric?"

Manny grinned, a little embarrassed.

"I think not," Clyde said. "It's no good getting yourself in a state since I've already promised to look into it. So, if you're not up to joining me and Philip, we'll have to think of some other solution, right?"

"Really, Dad..."

"Listen, kid, your old man certainly knows what's best for you by this time in your life. Besides, I've been through a few romantic interludes in my time, and I can tell you that it's never good to seal yourself off and mope about something that you really don't yet even know everything about. So, let's not give your old man any argument. Just pull out that big cock of yours, and let's see what the two of us can manage with it."

"You're going to have Philip wondering what in the hell happened to you,"

Manny said, knowing that it really wasn't any good, for him to protest.

His father usually got just about everything he wanted. Besides, Manny really wasn't sure a good three-way was a bad idea anyway. He really didn't want to dwell on Mark, even though he couldn't seem to get the man out of his mind. While he certainly wasn't up to sex with Philip Mason --

that would have somehow seemed a betrayal of his feelings for Mark -- sex with his father was family. There was no way sex between them could have been construed as having any kind of undertone that might somehow taint the way Manny felt toward his teacher.

"Philip is going to need a long spell just to recover from the good time I've already showed him," Clyde said with a wide smile. His teeth were exceptionally white. His eyes, like his son's, were a brilliant blue, shielded by lashes and eyebrows that, being a shade darker than the hair on his head, saved him from having that washed out look.

Manny unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock.

"That's better," Clyde said. "It's best to keep everything in perspective, isn't it? Just because Mark Torric is suddenly out of your life for a few days doesn't really mean it's the end of the world, does it?"

Manny, though, really wasn't sure if that were true or not. The moment he had heard that Mr. Torric had suddenly taken an indefinite leave of absence, he had certainly felt as if the world were coming to an end. And he was only a little removed from those feelings right now. Manny might have felt a little different if he could be sure Mark was only going to be gone for a few days. What really upset him was that Mark might somehow manage to stay away until the very end of the school year.

Clyde didn't waste any time, fearful that Manny might change his mind.

Clyde knew that while jacking off was fine and good most of the time, there were other times when sex was better shared with someone you cared about and who cared for you. This was one of those times.

Clyde scooted forward and reached for Manny's cock, marveling as he usually did as to how this sensuously hard cock he was touching was the direct result of his heterosexual mating some eighteen years before. It had not been a very enjoyable mating, but Manny made it all worthwhile, the only tragedy being that Geraldine had died in childbirth. Poor fucking Geraldine had certainly come out on the short end of that stick, no matter how anyone looked at it! But, then, she hadn't really played the game fair herself. She had said she had taken precautions when she hadn't, just hoping to get pregnant, which she had, and trap Clyde into marrying her, which he had.

Clyde had married her, something he had regretted doing at the time, only being glad of it later when it came time to decide who had legal custody of the child. Clyde had never been sorry that he had taken on the responsibility of being a single parent at a time when very few men would have been willing or able to take on the chore. Of course, he would have never gotten custody if anyone had known he was gay. But nobody knew, not even his father whose expertise as a lawyer had made doubly sure that Clyde's legal claims on his son were locked securely into place.

Clyde lovingly mouthed his son's cockhead, letting Manny's prick slip through his pursed lips. As he did so, he tasted the juices leaked from the cock. They splashed deliciously onto his taste buds. Actually, it was very seldom that Clyde found a cock which oozed liquid quite as tasty as the juices of his son. Even Clyde's own juices, and he had tasted them on more than one occasion, weren't quite as flavorful as his son's as far as he was concerned.

Manny burrowed his ass deeper into the cushions, bending his knees slightly, then butter-flying his legs wide as his father moved in for even more of a mouthful. He shivered as he always did when his father went down on him, shivered as he had done when his father had first gone down on him so long ago. It was a shiver of unadulterated pleasure. But, then, there had never been anything but pleasure at such moments. No one knew how to please Manny quite like Clyde did. It was a pleasure that was unique from the pleasure delivered by Mark. Actually, the two types of pleasure weren't really comparable at all. That was why Manny was able to sit back and enjoy the suck even though he didn't know where in the hell Mark had gotten to.

Manny automatically ran his hands up onto his father's head, combing silky blonde strands that caught the light while Clyde's mouth dropped nearer and nearer the blonde hair bushing at Manny's crotch.

Clyde reached the bottom, his lips like a steel cockring around the bottom of his son's prick. Against his lips, Clyde could feel the tickling scratch of the boy's blonde crotch hair. His tongue caressed the submerged cock his mouth held, coaxing from Manny's prick more flavorful juices to be savored. He sucked, trying to vacuum even more of the cock into his throat. He could never get enough of this delicious prick.

He pulled his head up, watching his son's cock come free, inch by inch by beautiful inch. What an enormous cock it was, too, circumcised and streamlined. Manny's prick tasted oh Jesus, so good! And his cock was so fucking hard, yet, somehow, soft around the stiffness of its core.

With his right hand, he scooped up Manny's balls, fingering them, feeling their mysterious heaviness. He squeezed them, hearing Manny's

appreciative groan. Clyde knew that his massaging fingers were delivering a sensuous combination of pleasure and pain.

Once again, Clyde siphoned up Manny's total cock, his forehead chafing on the soft denim of Manny's trousers. Manny gave an involuntary up thrust, enjoying all those pleasurable sensations he got from fucking his father's face.

When Clyde's head again came upward, he left a cock behind that was even more spitty than before. The saliva on Manny's prick was so thick, the liquid drooled in heavy sheets down the cock. Clyde's mouth slid quickly to overtake the flow, succeeding in doing so before pulling up along the cock once again.

At that moment, Clyde was thoroughly convinced that Mark Torric, wherever the bastard was, had to be an asshole to run out on this goodness.

Christ, what more could any man want than to have a body like Manny's at his disposal? Hell, Manny had about all there was to have. He had good looks that were almost too good to be believed. He had a body that wouldn't stop. He had a cock that was large and tasty. The kid had class, real class! He could have handled an affair with his schoolteacher. He wouldn't have ever let slip anything that might have gotten Mark in trouble. The two could have had one hell of a good time while it lasted.

Not that it would have lasted forever. But, then, hell, nothing lasted forever! Mark Torric should have recognized that and at least grabbed what he could have gotten at the moment.

"Ohhhhhhh, sweet, sweet, Jesus," Manny said, opening his legs wider, his hands tightening on his father's scalp.

Clyde moved his head into an even faster bounce. Long practice allowed him to suck this cock full length and not just half-assed. When he slid up, it was all of the way up, only the very tip of the cock remaining in his mouth. When he went down, he went all of the way down, not leaving even a small piece of the big prick unclaimed.

Manny's hands rode his father's bouncing head, making no move to control the cadence. His father, after all, knew which cadence was best. His father knew everything there was to know about pleasing Manny's youthful prick. Clyde knew so much about conjuring pleasure that Manny could almost forget Mark for the moment. Almost, but not quite. Manny doubted there was really anything that could make him forget Mark completely, not even the expertise of his father's sucking mouth and whipping tongue.

The muscles were slowly tensing in the young man's body, drawing tighter and tighter with each up and down swing of the face over his hardon. It was a tension that, Manny knew, would build and continue to build, eased only by the final releasing of Manny's cum.

Manny's cock throbbed in preparation for letting go the deluge that was ballooning the young blonde's balls. Clyde felt Manny's prick growing thicker against his lips, cheeks, and tongue. Manny's ass was bouncing against the padding on the floor.

"Ready, ready," Manny said.

The warning came automatically. It really wasn't necessary. Clyde knew full well just how near his son was, and he was more than ready for the seeming gallon of cream that usually accompanied his son's orgasm.

And Manny's building to climax had just about reached its peak. The young man's blue eyes were dilated. His mouth was slightly open. He swallowed and then swallowed again, trying to contain the fire set loose inside his body by his father's continued sucking. He had little success. His balls were elevated now, almost lost as they pulled closer to the base of his hard cock. They would have probably completely disappeared into Manny's lower belly if Clyde's fondling fingers hadn't kept pulling them down to keep them within reach.

"Oh, God, just a little bit longer," Manny said, feeling the ecstasy about to sunburst inside of him.

"Jesus, Jesus, just a little bit longer."

Clyde prepared for the flooding cum he knew was on the way. And he had the arrival of that deluge timed just right. He lowered himself down over the cock and stayed there just as the prick began to unload.

"Oh, Dad, Dad, Jesus, Dad," Manny said, his voice low and breathless, his hands keeping his father anchored where he was.

Clyde, though, wouldn't have gone anywhere with or without the pressure his son was exerting on his head. Clyde wanted each and every drop of his son's cum. And his sucking assured he was going to get just what he wanted. No sooner had the thick and soupy streamers squirted from Manny's cock than Clyde was swallowing to drink them down.

Manny shut his eyes, exhilarating in the rhythmic pulsations that had taken control of his body to pump, pump, pump his creamy load. And at that moment, he was imagining that it was Mark Torric anchored there at his crotch, Mark Torric greedily sucking up the meal Manny's cock was feeding. That illusion, though, lasted only until the last of Manny's jism was squirted and the young man opened his eyes to see his father's mouth sliding free.

"There now," Clyde said, smiling, "feel a little better, do you?"

"I think so, thanks," Manny said. "I really think that I do." But if he did, he still knew that he wouldn't really feel good until he had Mark back where his father had just been.

"It'll work out," Clyde said assuredly, giving his son's thigh an affectionate pat before returning to Philip in the bedroom.

Philip was ready and waiting, sprouting a giant cock that had gone back to hardness in Clyde's absence.

CHAPTER SIX

On the bed, Mark and Gerald moved smoothly into a sixty-nine position, each anxious for the mouthful being offered in the form of the other's cock. Gerald was the more anxious of the two. Ever since he had first sucked Mark's big prick through the glory hole of a university latrine, Gerald hadn't passed up the opportunity to sample Mark's cock when that prick, as now, was being offered. Gerald's continued interest in the cock of a man pushing thirty was surprising, especially since Gerald had long come to enjoy his sexual partners mostly when they were in their teens.

As Gerald lifted Mark's cock to his mouth, he wondered if his attraction to this man revolved around the fact that Mark had managed to keep his body in the shape of someone far younger. Whatever the reason, Gerald was once again looking forward to wrapping his rubbery lips around Mark's uncut prick waiting stiff as a board between Mark's thighs.

Mark was on his back, looking toward the splayed thighs that hung Gerald's cock above him. At the same time Gerald pulled Mark's cock up for the sucking, Mark pulled Gerald's cock down for some of the same. By the time Gerald's hot tongue had actually licked Mark's cockhead, Mark's lips were kissing the prick jutting from his partner's hard and muscled belly.

Gerald licked slowly down Mark's cock, burrowing his head between the thighs that Mark obligingly opened wide for him. Lapping a wet trail over Mark's balls, Gerald's nose made it down far enough toward the crack of Mark's ass to smell the musky aromas coming to him from Mark's deliciously tight asshole. If Gerald had had any thoughts, however, of burrowing any deeper, actually getting his tongue into a position to sample those exotic flavors clinging to Mark's ass, such plans were aborted by the sudden feel of Mark's mouth bouncing over his hard cock.

If Gerald hoped to time his orgasm to coincide with Mark's, he was going to have to devote his time primarily to what would give Mark the most pleasure. While there would be undeniable pleasure for Mark from Gerald fucking his tongue up his asshole, such pleasure never quite seemed as great

as a sucking on his cock could produce. Gerald, therefore, went right back to Mark's prick, opening his mouth and swallowing the cock whole.

Actually, Gerald would have preferred having Mark fuck his asshole, but he could get off on this, too, especially since Mark would be around long enough to give Gerald the ass fuck Gerald was so looking forward to.

Mark, unlike the hustlers with whom Gerald had been dealing as of late, wasn't charging forty bucks a throw. Gerald, therefore, could well afford to treat himself to pleasures that, while never as strongly enjoyable as a cock buried to hairy balls up his asshole, were nevertheless pleasurable in their own right.

Mark put both of his hands on Gerald's hips, using that possum-like hold for the support needed to pull his face deeper yet into Gerald's overhanging crotch. All the while, Mark's lips were climbing along Gerald's hard cock, finally arriving at the point where Gerald's balls were pooled on Mark's forehead.

Mark was trying awfully damned hard to convince himself that he was having a good time, reminding himself that he had always had fun with Gerald. The unarguable fact remained, however, that Mark knew he would have had a far better time under other circumstances, other than the ones which had sent him to Gerald's footstep to begin with. No matter how he tried to combat the urge to compare Gerald to Manny Wilson, he found himself unable to do so, probably because Mark had never sampled cock or cum so sweet as that fed to him by that studly jock at Winburg High.

"Jessssssus, easy!" Gerald said, his words garbled as he mumbled around the bigness of Mark's cock.

Gerald was still a little disoriented from finding Mark arriving for a short stay in the first place. The handsome stud had a standing invitation to stop by, but Gerald couldn't help being a little curious as to why Mark had picked this particular time.

Jesus, was the bastard horny! Gerald hardly had time for a quick hello before Mark had herded him into the bedroom for sex. Gerald certainly

wasn't complaining. Mark Torric had to be one of Gerald's favorite people of all time. And if the two of them had started off as impersonal mouths, cocks, and assholes in the basement latrine at Millon Hall, they had since progressed beyond that point to a genuine friendship.

The cock buried in Gerald's mouth still held the same old fascination.

The flavors Gerald sucked from Mark's prick, as they usually did, made him hotter and more horny than ever. He was being made more and more aware that what he really wanted from this cock was to have. Mark fuck him deep up his asshole. In fact, his sudden need to ride Mark's cock suddenly swelled to such an extent inside of him that he decided, no matter what he might have rationalized before, that there was no point in waiting until later to have Mark's cock the way he wanted.

On the next upswing, he let Mark's cock slip completely free. Mark's hard prick exited with a swift recoil that brought his cock down in a loud thud against Mark's belly. The prick splattered its own juices and Gerald's spit all over Mark's abdomen.

"Come on, you sexy stud, and turn loose of my cock!" Gerald said. He would have simply shifted his body to pull his cock free, except Mark was sucking with such vigor that Gerald had visions of losing his prick completely if he tried pulling his cock free without giving Mark adequate forewarning. "You and I know that what I really want is to once again feel this cock of yours pulverizing my prostate. Right? Right!"

Mark was pulled about as tightly into Gerald's lap as his head could be shoved, his nose poked into the compacting bag that housed Gerald's balls reluctantly dropped back to the bed. Gerald's cock sprung upward, glossy with Mark's spit.

Mark had known all along that Gerald's favorite thing was getting fucked in the asshole. Hell, Mark had been fucking Gerald's ass through glory holes long before the two had officially met and become friends. Usually whenever they got together, Mark was more than happy to give Gerald his hard cock up the ass like the man wanted. What had made Mark hesitate this time around had been a feeling that there could never be for him the

same feeling he had experienced when fucking Manny. Fucking Gerald's asshole was bound to be anticlimactic.

Still Mark had sought out Gerald for some reason, and it would have been a little ridiculous now to tell the stud that there would be no fucking because Mark was too busy savoring memories of having his cock exploded up the asshole of a kid who wasn't just a student of Mark's but was only eighteen years old in the bargain.

"You just stay right where you are," Gerald instructed Mark. "You probably need your rest, and I can assure you that I very well do know what I'm doing, in case you hadn't remembered."

Mark remembered all right. Of the two, Gerald had always been the more extroverted, the one with the least inhibitions. It had taken Gerald a good 2 hours of coaxing and writing obscene notes on toilet paper, passing them under the toilet stall walls, to persuade Mark to poke his fat cock through a glory hole for the very first time. After that, more often than not, it was still Gerald who took the initiative. Although Mark had rushed them into the bedroom a few minutes before, Gerald was now back in complete charge.

Gerald changed positions, going to a low squat over Mark's crotch, facing toward the head of the bed. Mark reached for a pillow and stuffed it behind his head in order to assure himself a better view.

Gerald reached beneath his ass, grabbing Mark's fat cock and pulling his prick into a position that had his cock forming a right angle with Mark's belly. Mark's prick was slippery with Gerald's spit. If the sucking had done nothing else, it had certainly gotten the cock lubricated enough to make for an easier fucking of Gerald's ass.

Gerald sat, putting the tip of Mark's cock to his fucker. He sat harder, his pucker first concaving and then rolling open to let a good inch of Mark's prick sink inside.

"Yea," Gerald said, wiggling his ass further over the cock, "this is just what the doctor ordered."

He grunted loudly, marveling at how Mark's cock seemed as wonderfully filling now as Gerald had always remembered. Some cocks, he guessed, like Mark's prick and the cock of that hustler Kyle, were the kind of pricks that a guy could never get tired of. Well, by God, that was just fine with Gerald!

Mark reached up and placed his hands on Gerald's hips, tempted to push the man down at a faster rate. Mark let Gerald's asshole slide slowly, watching as Gerald's ass lowered closer and closer toward a complete engulfment of Mark's cock.

The ass hit Mark's belly, having made one continuous, uninterrupted slide from the top of the cock to the bottom.

"Ahhhhhhh, yes," Gerald said, wiggling his ass in place. This was a hell of a lot more enjoyable than sinking his mouth over any hard cock. Mark's prick was in so far that his cock was pressed tightly against Gerald's prostate. Once he started bouncing in earnest, he could feel the cock squeezing his prostate of clear juices. He could feel the resulting pleasurable ache that was only a supplement to the rest of his spiraling pleasure.

Mark had to admit that he certainly wasn't feeling any pain. On the other hand, there was pleasure and then there was pleasure, and the pleasure he was feeling now had absolutely nothing to do with the pleasure he had known with his cock stuffed to his balls up Manny's young ass. Still, he had pretty much decided that he wasn't ever again going to know the enjoyment of sex with Manny, the kid being his student as well as only eighteen. It was necessary that he become accustomed to accepting second best, especially since second best, in this particular instance, wasn't all that damned bad.

Mark's crotch hair, clustered about the bottom of the man's up-jutting cock, was pressing indents into Gerald's asscheeks, indents that only went deeper as Gerald rotated his hips to make the cock stir in his asshole.

When Gerald felt that his asshole had completely adjusted to the filling cock inside his ass, he leaned forward, putting the palms of his hands over

Mark's taut nipples. He twisted his hands from side to side, feeling Mark's nipples get even harder.

"Why, I wonder, does this cock of yours always feel as if it was made for my asshole?" Gerald asked, again caught up in the memory of how this twenty-seven year old cock somehow had a way of affecting him as if the prick belonged to a teenage hustler.

Gerald lifted his hips, his asshole trailing hard cock behind. He continued to lift until his asshole was plugged only by the flared tip of Mark's hard-on. At that point, Gerald began the luscious slide one more time. This second trip of his ass down the cock was even easier than the first, due as much to the additional lubricant which had oozed from Mark's fucking cock as it had to do with the relaxing of Gerald's asshole around the stiff prick inside.

"Ride me, you sexy bastard!" Mark said, wanting desperately to be caught up in a kind of ecstasy that would make him forget all thoughts of Manny and how stupendous that sex with the boy had been. "Ride my horse cock until it's squirting hot and heavy cream!"

"Yea, ride 'em cowboy!" Gerald cried, far more caught up in the fuck than Mark was or would ever be.

Gerald's ass easily took up a riding cadence that moved his ass up and down, up and down. His hands still rested on Mark's chest for support, Mark's erect nipples feeling like the sharp points of thumbtacks.

Seeking to further occupy his own attention, Mark reached for and seized hold of Gerald's prick. The eight inches of stiff hardon were leaking juices like sixty before Gerald's muscled belly. Once Mark's hand was sufficiently fisted around Gerald's cock, the prick still damp from the washing Mark had given with his mouth, Mark also reached for Gerald's balls. He squeezed those balls that were filled with their luscious jism.

All the while, he watched his own cock appear and then disappear at the mouth of Gerald's convexing and then concaving asshole.

"That's the way to get me flying high," Gerald groaned. "Yes, sir, as you very well know, that is definitely the way to get this stud flying."

Mark stripped the cock, thankful that he was definitely experiencing a build toward eruption. He had actually been afraid that Manny had ruined him on sex altogether. Christ, Mark had even begun to suspect that there would be no more orgasms with anyone but Manny. That was one reason he had come to Gerald. Gerald had always been able to coax Mark into orgasm before, and the handsome stud wouldn't fail him now. Mark was acutely aware that this sex somehow lacked the intensity it once had. All sex, after sex with Manny, was pale by comparison.

"Pump my fat cock, stud," Gerald said. "Pump it, pump it, while I dance this tight asshole of mine over your stiff prick."

And Mark did just that. He pumped Gerald's prick, and he continued to squeeze Gerald's fat nuts.

Up his asshole, Gerald was feeling the way Mark's cock hit his prostate and then glided on. Each time that happened, more clear juices exited Gerald's cock and were caught on Mark's beating fingers.

"Yes, damn it, yes," Mark said, surrendering himself more and more to the forces building inside of him. He only wished that he could make it a complete surrender. He wanted to be swallowed totally by the ecstasy to the point of being aware of nothing else.

Gerald continued to bounce his ass. He was beyond being in conscious control of the bouncing. He pulled upward and then sat down, his tight asshole humping Mark's hard cock. He skewered his snug asshole over Mark's hard and straining prick, bringing himself and his partner closer and closer to climax.

Gerald dropped his head back on his neck and opened his mouth to growl out sounds that very much resembled some jungle beast in heat. He had just about reached his moment. His asshole had already commenced the first series of spasmodic contractions that heralded the upcoming eruption of

pearly cream from the cock being beaten so thoroughly by Mark's right hand.

"I want your cum blasting up my asshole!" Gerald urged. He knew, though, that whether he got Mark's cum or not was really going to have nothing whatsoever to do with whether or not he blew his wad. Mark, on the other hand, was genuinely afraid, at least at this point, that he wasn't going to be able to match Gerald in an orgasm. It followed that if he couldn't cum here, he might never be able to cum again.

He shut his eyes tightly, his mind flashing with erotic visions of how sex had been with Manny's tight young ass pinned on his cock. There had never been anything quite like those moments he had enjoyed with Manny.

How he had been tempted to renew them, explore even more areas of enjoyment with that boy. Yet he always remembered that Manny was only a boy. His student, for Christ's sake!

"Ready, set," Gerald announced loudly. His ass sank one final time over Mark's hard cock, his asscheeks grinding amid the hair bushing Mark's lower belly. "Go!"

"Manny," Mark wheezed breathlessly as Gerald's asshole vised his cock tightly, as Gerald's cock let go a series of jism bullets that blasted as far as the notch at the base of Mark's throat. "Manny, Manny, Manny!"

The mere chanting of the young man's name was all that was needed to send Mark over the edge. His hands clamped hard against Gerald's thighs. His hips came up from the bed in an automatic attempt to feed cock to an asshole which had already swallowed all of the cock that there was to swallow.

If the resulting sunburst of ecstasy wasn't enough to erase all thoughts of Manny Wilson from Mark's mind, it at least reassured him that he wasn't destined to a life of impotency without the boy in his arms. If that wasn't everything he could have hoped for, it was a beginning.

"I'm cummmmmming!" Mark cried in a grateful wonder although the announcement came just a little after the fact. By that time, Gerald's asshole was so full of Mark's cream that the pearly cum was backed up around Mark's cock. The mess leaked out of Gerald's asshole to bead in the black crotch hair haloing the bottom of Mark's cock.

When their pleasure was finally on the wane, Mark was left with a neck, chest, and belly splattered with the juices which had erupted from Gerald's whipped cock. Mark's right hand was soaked with the same slime.

"Wasn't that enough to take a fellow's breath away?" Gerald asked, sounding genuinely breathless. A sudden raising of his ass brought even more of Mark's cum streaming out.

"You are just as good a fuck as you ever were," Mark said, watching as his slimy cock came free and struck his belly with a thump.

"Hmmmmmmmm," Gerald said, sounding as if he might be in doubt about Mark's sincerity. He came off Mark and off the bed, reaching for a couple of Kleenexes from a box on the nearby nightstand. He used the tissues to clear away some of the slime which had soaked the crease of his ass.

"I'll believe that, maybe, when you tell me who this Manny is."

"Manny?" Mark asked, feigning ignorance, but not doing a very good job.

He was surprised by the query, since he was unaware that he had called out for Manny several times during his orgasm.

Gerald, though, was a bit more aware of what was going on, even in the throes of his passion, and he had certainly heard Mark call out Manny's name.

"This Manny have something to do with you being here?" Gerald asked, throwing the used tissues into a wastepaper basket and reaching for several fresh ones.

"Hell, can't a friend just drop by to say hello now and again?" Mark asked. He had anticipated that Gerald was going to ask questions, even if not questions specifically about Manny.

"Sure, it's okay," Gerald said. "But if that friend's a teacher who happens to drop by while school is still in session, it does make one wonder, doesn't it?" A worried expression crossed Gerald's face. "You haven't gotten into any kind of trouble with a witch hunt for gays at your school, have you?"

"You mean like their drumming me out because they found out I was a faggot?" Mark asked.

"Well, it's obviously not that," Gerald said. He was able to tell by the tone of Mark's response.

"No, nothing quite that bad, I guess," Mark said. He propped the pillows up behind him and came to a sitting position. "Although, visions of something like that was probably what persuaded me to come running here with my tail between my legs."

"You going to go into specifics, or am I going to have to pry it out of you piece by piece?" Gerald asked.

"Manny Wilson is a student of mine," Mark said. "He's only eighteen."

Gerald waited for Mark to continue. What he had heard thus far could have been interpreted any number of ways. Mark, though, seemed to have figured he had said quite enough for Gerald to get the gist.

"You like this kid, then, right?" Gerald asked, finally deciding that that at least was an obvious assumption.

"Didn't you hear what I said?" Mark asked.

"He's a student of yours," Gerald said. "He's eighteen. Did I miss anything?"

Mark knew Gerald was missing the point. What's more, he couldn't understand how Gerald could be so dense.

"He's a boy," Mark said. "I've fallen head over heels in love with a mere boy."

Gerald was confused. "I thought you said he was eighteen," he said.

"I did," Mark said, wondering how Gerald could still fail to see the complications.

Gerald stood back from the bed and gave Mark a thorough once-over. He thought he might finally be getting what Mark was trying to say.

"Eighteen is hardly a boy," Gerald said. "Eighteen is definitely not a child. Eighteen, by Christ, is a man! Old enough to drink. Old enough to drive. Old enough to go to war and vote. Certainly old enough to know with whom he would like to fuck. Or is this thing you have for him a onesided love affair?"

Mark was aghast, not really believing that Gerald had really said what he had said. On the other hand, maybe he had come here wanting to hear just that, knowing that if anybody could put what he was feeling into perspective, it would be Gerald.

"Jesus, Mark!" Gerald said, shaking his head in disbelief. "You're living in a day and age when kids reach puberty at ten. You being a school teacher, I shouldn't have to even tell you that. By eighteen, if they don't know whether they like cock or cunt, they probably never will know."

"He's nothing but a boy," Mark said. Although he knew Gerald was saying everything he wanted to hear, Mark wanted to hear more. He wanted to be convinced.

"You show me any eighteen year old stud in this day and age," Gerald said, "and I'll show you someone you won't be able to tell isn't a man in the concealing darkness after any midnight."

CHAPTER SEVEN

With the sudden unveiling of Clyde Wilson's cock, Gerald found himself having to take stock of something mighty strange that was happening to him. All of this was definitely strange -- first, Mark showing up with his sad tale of love for a teenager, then that same teenager's father showing up at Gerald's office.

But none of that was really the strangeness Gerald was contemplating at that precise moment. What was really strange, as far as Gerald was concerned, was that he was seeing the second big cock in a few short days that excited him even though the prick wasn't attached to a young hustler. When he had gotten turned on by Mark's cock, that had been one thing. Gerald could, after all, trace his desires for Mark back to a time when neither of them were very much older than those teenage hustlers that Gerald was now paying forty dollars a shot.

But Clyde Wilson was something else again. The man didn't look any older than twenty-five or twenty-six, but that was deceptive. At least it was if he was who he said he was. If Clyde had a son eighteen, he couldn't very well be twenty-six, even if he did look it, unless he had been married when he was the ripe old age of eight. The thirty-eight on his drivers license was, therefore, the more logical, even if the age didn't live with Clyde's attractive good looks and youthful physique.

"Well?" Clyde asked, his hand fisting his hard cock and giving a few hearty strokes. "Does this look as if I'm a member of any vice squad?"

A member of the vice squad had been one of the identities which Gerald had originally given Clyde when the handsome blonde had first appeared on the scene, asking about Mark Torric and Manny Wilson. There had, of course, been other possibilities. Clyde could have been an investigator from the school, sent to check out rumors that there was something going on between one of the teachers and a student. He could have been a detective hired by the real Clyde Wilson to find out what, if anything, there was going on between Mark and the boy.

In the final analysis, though, Gerald had to accept the fact that this was not only Clyde Wilson, father of Manny Wilson, but that the man's prime purpose for being here was to try and find out why Mark had gone away, leaving Clyde's son wondering if he was ever going to see Mark again.

"You're going to give my secretary heart failure if she happens to step in here and see that," Gerald said, nodding toward Clyde's cock which was sticking stiffly from the man's open fly.

"Why don't you call and tell her you don't want to be disturbed?" Clyde said. "I mean, turnabout is fair play, right? And, if I'm not mistaken, your cock is hard, too, isn't it? So, how about a looksee?"

Gerald swallowed. He knew what the man was proposing. Sex, for Christ's sake! The man wanted to fuck right there in Gerald's office. It was madness, something Gerald had never considered doing at work, especially not with a man who was thirty-eight.

But Clyde Wilson didn't look thirty-eight. And Gerald was excited by the prospect of what Clyde was offering. If Gerald told his secretary that he didn't want to be interrupted, he wouldn't be interrupted. However Gerald continued to be a little uneasy about all of this. It all seemed too fantastic to believe -- a gay father, his cock out of his pants, came to question Gerald about a gay school teacher who had fucked Clyde's gay son, and, according to Clyde, he wasn't there to complain. He claimed he was there primarily to see what he could do about getting his son and Mark back together again. Clyde, rather than being upset because Mark and his son were fucking, seemed upset because they weren't.

"Knowing your preferences, I would have assumed I was a little too old for you," Clyde said. "But, your hard cock tells me you must at least be a little interested, right? Or is that a lead pipe in your pants?"

"What do you know of my preferences, sexual or otherwise?" Gerald asked, unable to keep his eyes from the languid, masturbating strokes Clyde was delivering to his hard cock with his right fist.

"I'm a lawyer, Mr. Raspin," Clyde said, making no attempt whatsoever to put his cock away. "You really don't think I would have walked in here to question you about my son's gay relationship with your friend, following that up by pulling out my cock and offering a little sex, if I hadn't made damned sure of where you stood, do you?"

"I see," Gerald said, wondering if he saw anything at all. Nor was he all that sure that he approved of the idea that his private life was being scrutinized by a man he really didn't even know.

"Actually, I guess the suggestion for sex was made because I found you immediately attractive," Clyde said. "Perhaps, though, it might be better if I kept to my original purpose for being here and stopped listening to my stiff prick. Yes?"

Gerald watched as the handsome blonde man began trying to stuff his stiff prick back in his pants. The stuffing wasn't an easy chore, to be sure.

Clyde's cock had to be ten inches if it was an inch. Goddamn, it was hard! Goddamn, it was sexy!

"Wait!" Gerald said. He switched on the intercom on the desk, telling his secretary he didn't want to be disturbed until further notice.

Clyde, smiling, stopped his efforts to get his cock back into his pants.

He was glad he had been stopped. He liked Gerald's looks, otherwise he wouldn't have let this interview progress in this direction. Of course, he had been given the incentive by knowing that Gerald liked young cock, and Clyde was trying to get the man turned on basically as an ego trip.

Not that he didn't have some evidence that Gerald had deserted teenage cock long enough to get fucked by at least one older man, if Mark Torric could be considered an older man at twenty-seven.

Actually, all of the evidence that Gerald and Mark had been fucking on and off since their college days was circumstantial. But, as attractive and studly as both men were, it was hard for Clyde to believe that there hadn't been

some hanky-panky going on there somewhere. So if Gerald now succumbed to Clyde's rather blatant come-on, Clyde could only consider himself in the best of company. In fact, if his son hadn't been so head over heels in love with Mark Torric, Clyde would have been tempted to fuck Mark himself.

Maybe after Mark and Manny had become a little tired of each other, if they ever got back together again, they might invite the old man around to add a little spice to their fun and games. If not, well, Clyde really wasn't ready to go into the old folks home, yet. He still had drawing power. He was able to tell that just by the look in Gerald's eyes.

"I'm up for suggestions as to where we go from here," Clyde said, back to leisurely pumping his cock. He had pulled out his hairy balls to join his prick.

"If you've been so thoroughly briefed on me, you must know where I want to go from here without being told," Gerald said...

"Right," Clyde said. "So do you want me to fuck you on the couch where you'd be comfortable? Or, would you prefer a bit more originality by taking my cock while leaning over your desk?"

Gerald dropped his pants, turned his back toward Clyde, and leaned over the desk.

"Just make sure you get that monster prick of yours slicked down good before you attempt shoving it up my ass," Gerald warned. "The last thing I want to have to explain to my secretary, or to anyone else, is why I suddenly have an asshole split from my hairy balls to the small of my back."

"I've already got my cock pretty well soaked with its own juices," Clyde said. His hand, while stroking like sixty, had been simultaneously milking his cock for its clear and sticky liquids. "But if it'll make you feel any safer, I'll add a little spit to the mess before ramming home up your ass."

"Yea, please do that," Gerald said. He really didn't have any fears, having taken Kyle's and Mark's cocks so often; their pricks being just as big. Still,

he figured it was better being safe than sorry.

Clyde stepped in behind Gerald's muscled ass, putting a large hand on each cheek to press his ass open along its crack.

"Hell, I might even oblige by lubricating that hole of yours with a little tongue, just to make doubly sure that you survive the ordeal,"

Clyde said.

Gerald's cock gave a responsive jerk, slamming upward into his belly and splattering beads of moisture in the man's brown crotch hair.

"You don't have any objections to a bit of tongue fucked up your behind, do you?" Clyde asked, already squatting down on his haunches to get a better view.

"None," Gerald said, his voice sounding a little breathless in his realization of what had already happened and in anticipation of what was yet to come. There was no denying, either, that there was a certain additional charge for Gerald due to the fact that this sex was taking place in his office.

There was still the danger that somebody could walk in unannounced, as rare a chance as that might have been, but his secretary was more than capable of fending off anyone who might try to enter.

Gerald suddenly realized that they hadn't even bothered to lock the door even though there was a lock on the inside. He contemplated telling Clyde to hold off until the door could be secured, but he decided against it, perhaps remembering how exciting it had been back in college when there had always been that faint chance of discovery by some straight who had come into the basement latrine by mistake. The element of danger had added a bit more spice to the sex back then, and the danger added a bit of spice to the proposed sex right now.

"Nice ass," Clyde commented, squeezing Gerald's asscheeks to relieve them of whatever tension they might have. "Nice brown little fucker, too. Just made for the lick of my thick tongue."

"Aaaagghhhh!" Gerald gasped at the first contact of Clyde's experienced tongue.

Clyde's tongue licked a trail of spit from Gerald's hairy balls to the pucker of the man's asshole. Once at the pucker, his tongue immediately rolled and jabbed heartily at the guarding ass muscles.

Gerald, his cheek resting against the top of his desk, wondered just what kind of a picture the two of them cut at that moment -- two men in suits, one with his pants pulled down and bent over the desk, the other squatting on his haunches with his nose burrowing into an asscrack and his cock sticking out.

The tongue did feel good. There was no way Gerald could deny that. In fact, this whole scene was becoming such a turn on that Gerald was actually contemplating sampling some of the older talent down on hustler's row. Granted, youth seemed to be the most popular commodity in that neck of the woods, some pretty young kids peddling their cocks and assholes. Mark had to be an asshole to think that eighteen was some kind of sexual innocent! Jesus! But there were a few hustlers who were older than the average, a little more experienced. While none of those looked anywhere as good as Clyde Wilson did, at least as Gerald could remember, they might well have something to offer Gerald that he had been overlooking up until now. If it were possible, he wondered if his sexual preferences were changing like his likes and dislikes of certain foods had changed over the years.

"Ohhhhhhh, yes!" Gerald said, having been called back from his reverie by another quick jab of Clyde's thick tongue up his asshole. "That does feel good."

Clyde knew he was certainly having a good time. Gerald's ass tasted pretty damned delicious. Just the right amount of sweat and funkiness was mixed to leave a decidedly exotic flavor on his licking tongue.

Clyde certainly couldn't have dreamed things would turn out like this, even when he had found out that Mark had visited an old college chum who, as Clyde's informant had reported, was gay and pretty active on the buying

side of the gay hustling scene. The fact that Gerald had been designated a buyer, rather than a seller on the marketplace, immediately had Clyde picturing the man as anything but the handsome stud he had turned out to be. Clyde had initially wondered why someone as attractive as Gerald would buy his sex. He quickly realized, after further reports from his informant, that Gerald had a penchant for younger cock than he might have been able to find in a night of cruising the bars for the free stuff.

Gerald wiggled his ass in a sensuous dance over Clyde's tongue, well aware that the same tongue that was fucking his asshole was, also, filling that asshole with bubbly spit. Gerald had a sudden desire to move on to bigger and better things. Clyde must have read his mind because he pulled his tongue free of Gerald's asshole, gave one final lick in parting, and came to his feet.

"I think even you'll have to agree that your asshole is sufficiently lubricated even for the likes of my giant cock," Clyde said.

Gerald could only agree. By that time, however, it really wouldn't have mattered whether asshole or cock were lubricated. Gerald's needs had progressed beyond the point of worrying about sufficient lubrication. He desperately wanted Clyde's prick inside him, anyway he could get Clyde's cock. He was convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that Clyde Wilson's prick was going to deliver one hell of a good time.

"Fuck me!" Gerald urged, glancing back to get a good look at Gerald.

"Show me what I've been missing by taking on kids without half the experience you've got."

"You're going to like this fuck, Mr. Raspin," Clyde said in positive guarantee. "Yes, sir, I can truthfully say, that you are really going to have one hell of a good time stuck deep over this hard cock of mine."

Clyde's left hand was holding the asscrack apart far enough so that he had a good view of the target area. His right hand was directing his cock into an attack position.

"Ready?" Clyde asked, the top of his cock nuzzling Gerald's pucker but not yet pushing through.

"Christ, yes, I'm ready!" Gerald said. In fact, he was so ready, he tried to take the cock up his ass prematurely, utilizing a sudden back-swing of his hips.

Clyde, though, had fucked enough ass to be more than aware of the tricks of the trade. And there was no way he was going to let Gerald have control of this fuck. Therefore, when Gerald's ass bucked back, so did Clyde's hips. As a result, Clyde kept his cock right where his prick was, poised on the brink but not entering.

"Goddamn it, fuck me!" Gerald said, made even more anxious by the frustration of not having achieved his objective. "Fill me with man cock!"

"No need to rush this," Clyde said, beginning the steady pressure that soon had the tip of his prick pressed securely through Gerald's ovaled asshole.

Gerald, who had thought the fuck might never begin, uttered a grunt of satisfaction and took hold of his desk with both hands. He groaned as he was slowly fed a couple more inches of Clyde's prick.

Clyde continued to push his cock slowly into place, watching for any more funny moves that Gerald might attempt in order to move things along at a faster speed than Clyde wanted. If Clyde sensed any such moves on Gerald's part, he was quite prepared to counter them. He, after all, wasn't some eighteen year old hustler who liked to hurry along and get things over and done so he could move on to find another paying customer.

He also knew, from his vast experience of fucking and getting fucked, sucking and getting sucked, that the slower the buildup, the better the climax. Clyde had every intention of proving to Gerald that the brown haired executive had made the right choice in pulling down his suit pants for a man who was thirty-eight.

Even before his cock was inserted all the way to his balls, Clyde commenced a tentative fucking cadence. It was a push and pull rhythm that

was aimed at relaxing Gerald's asshole even more for the extra bit of cock that was sent into place on each inward thrust of the fuck stroke.

"Yes, yes, Jesus, yes," Gerald said, once again moaning as a result of the continual fucking.

Clyde's cock was busy leaking its sex juices in the asshole, the sticky liquid mixing there with the spit his tongue had already placed on the ass walls. The additional lubricant, spread by the steady pumping of Clyde's cock, made it easier and easier for the prick to slip in deeper and deeper.

Though Gerald knew full well that he had taken ten inches of cock before, and would take them this time, he was beginning to feel more and more like a stuffed pig. That feeling continued even with the steady adjustment his asshole was making to the plugging.

Clyde was pleased that the fit was such a damned tight one. He had had momentary fears that Gerald's promiscuity and pleasure in being fucked continually might well have led to the man's asshole being stretched to a far less secure fit than it so obviously was. But then some men were lucky in that regard, taking cock after cock and still retaining an asshole that lost very little, if any, of its original elasticity, while others could get fucked once or twice and end up with assholes that were like barns.

"There," Clyde said, his belly finally coming to rest against Gerald's fucked ass. "I do believe I am presently inside of you all the way."

To verify that fact, he ground his pelvis tightly into place.

Gerald could hardly believe the last of Clyde's cock had finally penetrated. Maybe he had simply become too comfortable with Kyle's ten inches and Mark's ten inches to easily accept a cock of different contours.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Clyde said. He, then, proceeded to answer his own question. "Damn right, it feels good! It feels real, real good! For you, and definitely for me."

Gerald knew for a fact that he did indeed have all of the big cock that Clyde had to offer, not only because of the fullness that had him thinking Clyde's prick had stabbed all the way into his throat, not just because Clyde told him all of the cock was in place, but because he could feel the chafing of Clyde's open zipper against his muscled ass. For that matter, there was also the swaying caress of Clyde's balls against the lower curves of Gerald's asscheeks.

"Now, when you think you've gotten sufficiently adjusted to that, you let me know," Clyde said.

"And I'll get this fuck really on the road."

He must have intuitively known, though, that Gerald was ready right then and there because he immediately pulled his cock out to the halfway mark and then shoved his prick in again. He followed with several more strokes, each bringing his cock out of the asshole a little farther. The last drawing outward of his prick left only its flared prickhead stuck in Gerald's asshole before Clyde shoved all ten inches home again.

While Clyde took up a long and smooth fucking cadence that left Gerald full on each inward stroke and empty whenever the cock came almost free, Gerald revolved his ass to stir his cock in its fucking movements.

For Gerald, it was fucking heaven the way Clyde's cock slid over and against his prostate, milking it for juices which almost immediately drooled from Gerald's hard cock. The drooled juices formed long strings, many of which stretched all the way to the floor before breaking off to form transparent beads on the pile of the rug.

There was no doubt in Gerald's mind that he was going to enjoy this fuck.

If there had been any such doubts in the beginning, they were long gone by now. It had been his lucky day the moment Clyde had walked into his office with a gargantuan cock in his pants.

"Not too bad for a thirty-eight year old man, huh?" Clyde said. Actually, it was more of a statement than a question. He did, after all, know when he

was giving someone a good time. Gerald didn't have to say a damned thing for Clyde to know the man was really beginning to fly.

"Not bad at all," Gerald said, hearing his voice come out so strained from his passion that he hardly recognized it himself. "Jesus, Jesus, not bad at all!"

His cock still fucking, not missing a beat, Clyde bent forward to further cup Gerald's body. His chest pushed out along Gerald's back, and he ran his hands out along Gerald's arms to cover Gerald's fingers on the edge of the desk.

"You're getting fucked royally," Clyde said, his mouth so close to Gerald's left ear that his breath was hot against Gerald's face. "Jesus, yes, but you are getting fucked royally!"

Gerald couldn't have agreed more. Here was a fuck that he could only compare to those he had gotten previously from Kyle and Mark. There weren't too many fucks around like this one, that was for sure.

The walls of Gerald's asshole gripped Clyde's cock each and every time the prick slid into place. The movement of the cock within Gerald's ass caused friction that heated both prick and asshole.

Again and again, Clyde's long, thick cock rammed, withdrew, punched, and retreated. His prick grew larger yet because of the chafing irritation that was such a vital part of this fucking.

"Aaaaagghhhh!" Clyde yelled, jamming his belly against Gerald's body with a force that sent shock waves through the desk. He growled his pleasure against Gerald's neck, clamping his hands tightly over Gerald's hands, grinding his pelvis time and time again against Gerald's ass.

"Jeeeeesus!" Gerald moaned. The first hearty squirts of Clyde's jism hadn't been let free before Gerald was caught up in an orgasm of his own.

"My God, you hunky bastard, I'm creaming!"

His cock hadn't been touched. Not by his hand, nor by Clyde's hand. His balls hadn't been massaged either. None of that made any difference. The fuck in itself had been enough to set him off. And set him off it certainly did!

He blasted soupy comets of hot, sticky cum that stuck to the side of the desk before eventually leaking downward. The result was something like giant slugs slowly on the move, trailing wet juice behind them.

Up his ass, there was yet a further spurting of Clyde's wet, hot cum. It added itself to the mess already clogging the asshole.

When the pleasure was finally ebbing, Gerald knew that he had been fucked by a real pro, and he wanted more of the same. Clyde knew that he had just recruited Gerald to the cause of helping him get Mark Torric and Manny back together again.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Mark lifted his legs, arched them then brought his feet down to touch his toes to the bed above his head. The result was a curving of his body that brought his hard cock just above his face. He reached for his cock and pulled his prick down so that its leaky tip actually touched his awaiting mouth, glossing his lips with his clear sexual juice.

He didn't stopped there. He opened his mouth and, like a snake swallowing its own tail, he started taking his cock into his throat.

He bounced on the bed, the steady motion working more and more of his cock inside his mouth. Looking upward, he had a good view of his balls as they came closer and closer. Soon he would be able to touch that hairy bag with his nose.

There had been any number of things Mark could have done that night. He could have gone out and bought himself a hustler. Gerald seemed convinced that once Mark saw how a teenage kid could give head like a pro, Mark would get over this nonsense about thinking eighteen was some kind of innocence. Mark, though, didn't want a hustler.

He could have gone out and cruised the bars or the baths. He could have sucked and fucked in the dark of some back room, or fucked in the concealing mist of the steam. But he didn't want that kind of impersonal sex.

And he was especially glad that Gerald hadn't suggested the two of them have sex that evening because he really wasn't up to Gerald either.

What he wanted, of course, was Manny Wilson. That had been what he had wanted long before he had finally gotten around to having sex with the kid in the gym. Manny had become all that he wanted after the two of them had spent that momentous evening together.

Yet, as much as he wanted Manny, he couldn't quite rationalize going back to him. He couldn't help that being a teacher made him somehow continue to look upon sex with Manny as forbidden territory. And if he had somehow convinced himself, via Gerald's arguments, that kids of eighteen were not the sexual innocents they had once been, he was afraid to admit it to himself.

He had hoped that going to bed and seeking sleep would erase his desires from his mind. He should have known better. Thoughts of Manny had given him a hardon. After awhile, his hard cock became impossible to ignore, especially since Mark knew from experience that his hardon wouldn't simply shrivel up and go away if he ignored it.

So he took care of his prick in a way that took a bit more concentration than merely jerking off, hoping that the attention he spent giving himself head would momentarily divert his mind from those thoughts of Manny which were tearing him apart.

His spine relaxed even more, dropping his cock even deeper. By reaching up with both hands to take hold of his ass and pulling downward on his curving body, he was actually able to reach the bottom of his fat prick.

His cheeks sucked inward, concaving against his cock. His tongue whipped his mouthful, wrapping his prick sensuously.

Keeping his left hand on his ass to keep his body in a maximum bend, he freed his right hand to find his balls. He began massaging his balls, pinching them the way he liked them to be pinched. The resulting ache pushed his degree of pleasure up one more notch. His ball sac hoisted completely free of his nose.

Since the purpose of this eating was to get his rocks off so he could go to sleep, he didn't make as much of the blowjob as he might have. He worked over his cock with all of the swift expertise at his disposal, aided by a thoroughly knowledge of just what pleased him. His complete familiarity with his cock should have given him the maximum pleasure, yet it didn't. Somehow the pleasure he had known in Manny's arms had been far greater.

When his climax was over, his automatic sucking reflexes having sucked up the last of his cum, he knew that he had to do something about whatever it was that had happened to him and Manny. He certainly couldn't go on like he was, finding little solace in sex, even if he hadn't been made impotent as he had originally feared.

He uncurled, pulled the covers over him, and tried to be rational, something that he told himself he really hadn't been up until this point.

It certainly hadn't been rational behavior to simply pack up and run away, but that was what he had done. He could just imagine what Manny must have thought when he had found out. Here Mark had been, one night professing undying love and the next night leaving without even telling Manny goodbye.

He was running scared. He was scared because he had fallen in love. It really had less to do with Manny being eighteen and being his student than Mark liked to pretend. He had known all along that he hadn't been really robbing any cradle. He had had trouble believing all of that bullshit he had tried to feed Gerald about Manny being a little boy.

Hell, that little boy had seduced him. It hadn't been the other way around!

Gerald had been right. An eighteen year old kid was an adult for all intents and purposes. If an eighteen year old looked less than a man, that difference dissolved in the darkness after midnight.

In a room or an alley with no light, an eighteen year old kid fucking his ass, Mark wouldn't have known the stud was just eighteen. An eighteen year old would fuck like a man and cum like a man because he was a man.

So it was simply the love that had scared Mark the most. He might have actually managed far better if it had been just a quick sex thing between him and Manny. But the emotional entanglements that had resulted so suddenly from their sex had literally taken Mark's breath away. Suddenly, he had found himself not just fucking Manny but loving him. Loving was one hell of a responsibility!

He had also run from his fear of rejection, knowing how easy it might have been for Manny to profess love just as a kind of echo to Mark's words. Too many times the word love was mumbled between people who would never have anything more in common after a night of fucking than the cocks, tight assholes, and hot mouths they had shared. Mark, though, had never told anyone before Manny that he loved him. When he had told Manny that, it hadn't been something he had said just to hear himself say it.

His words had had genuine meaning. It had been something which had been wrenched from the depths of his gut. He had been afraid that Manny's reciprocal talk of love had been something less. He hadn't wanted to wait around to find out that he was right. He had been unable to even face that possibility.

He couldn't run forever, however, even if Manny wasn't serious about feelings that Mark had always thought special. Mark knew he might be able to come up with some excuse to keep away from the school until after graduation, until after Manny was gone. Yet he couldn't help wondering what if Manny did love him? What if Mark's running away had made it seem as if it were Mark who was rejecting Manny's feelings and not vice versa?

He would have to go back. That was all there was to it. He would have to go back and sort out for sure just what it was, if anything, that had happened between him and Manny that night. Mark, after all, still wasn't all that sure just what had happened, except that the feeling had been marvelous while it was happening, dissolving only later into something horrible and nightmarish. But he would never find out if he wasn't prepared to face reality. He had to find out if a mutual love that had been realized that night or something a good deal less. Although learning the truth might turn out to be painful, not knowing, never really knowing, would forever keep him as a miserable, as he now was.

He almost got up out of bed right then and there. He almost threw his clothes into his suitcase and shagged his ass back to Manny and Winburg High, back to heaven or hell. But there had come a sudden relaxation in his sudden decision to return, a relaxation that allowed him to drift into a comfortable slumber. He hadn't slept well since his evening with Manny. It

felt so good to be there beneath the covers, feeling a peaceful darkness once again closing over him, that he didn't have the strength to interrupt it.

Mark heard his door come open. He heard it shut. As the covers were pulled back and someone crawled into bed with him, he was swimming up through a sleep which he was reluctant to leave.

"Not tonight, Gerald," he mumbled automatically, still not having surfaced into complete consciousness. He knew the intruder had to be Gerald because it could be no one else. This was, after all, the extra bedroom in Gerald's apartment.

As if Gerald hadn't heard, however, or hadn't paid any attention to what he had heard, Mark soon felt caressing hands on his body. He felt the person in bed with him turn to present an ass for Mark to fuck. Gerald's penchant for getting fucked only seemed to confirm that the man was Gerald, as Mark had suspected.

Mark, though, didn't want to fuck anyone except Manny Wilson. Fucking anyone else, now that Mark had made the decision to go back and sort out this thing with Manny, would have seemed a kind of betrayal of his love.

In fact, Mark probably shouldn't have had the sex he had had with Gerald already. He could rationalize his fucking Gerald as having occurred at a time when he really hadn't had all of his faculties. Now, however, was different. If he came to find out that what he felt for Manny was purely a onesided thing, well, then, he would have to decide on another course of action. But until he was clear on just where he stood with Manny, sex with anyone else was out of the question.

"Listen, Gerald," Mark said, cuddling up behind the muscled body in the bed. It was an excellent indication of his resolve that Mark's cock was still soft. "I've decided to go back and sort out this thing with Manny."

The body against him tightened strangely, a reaction Mark couldn't readily understand since Gerald had been telling him, since Mark's arrival, that Mark should go back. Surely Gerald wasn't ticked off because Mark wasn't going to fuck him!

"I've been thinking about Manny and me," Mark said, uttering a nervous laugh. "Actually, I haven't been thinking of anything else. And I've decided that I was an asshole, just like you said, for not going back long before now. And with that decision having finally been made, I really don't figure I'd be much good for sex tonight. You know?"

The body rolled toward him, wrapping him with strong arms, mating his chest with a man's muscled chest, mating his stomach with a man's muscled stomach, mating his cock with a man's stiffly erect prick. A man's face burrowed against his neck, a man's lips moved sensuously against his skin.

Mark's cock began to come alive.

"Goddamn it, Gerald, don't play any fucking games!"

"Fuck me, you sexy bastard," the man said. It wasn't Gerald. Mark knew who it sounded like. He knew who the man felt like. Yet it couldn't be!

He tried to reach for the light beside the bed but his companion wouldn't let him go, holding him tight, holding him very tight. All the while, the man caressed Mark's body, causing Mark's cock to go even harder.

"Manny? For Christ's sake, Manny?" Mark said. He couldn't believe that it was Manny. There was no way this could be Manny in his bed. Not unless, of course, Gerald had somehow...

He ran his hand down the young man's back feeling the satiny skin that was stretched over hard muscle. Man skin stretched over man muscle. If Mark had ever had any doubts whatsoever that this eighteen year old was a man, he had them no longer.

"Goddamn it, you sexy bastard, tell me it's you!" Mark said, wanting to hear the voice again, wanting to be sure, even though he was sure already.

"It's me, you prick!" Manny said. "Mohammed wouldn't come to me, so I came to Mohammed."

"I fucking don't believe this!" Mark said although that was a lie. He knew this body so well, it was a wonder he could have ever mistaken Manny for Gerald in the first place.

"Well, if you promise not to grab your bag and head for parts unknown, I'll let you turn on a light."

Manny's grip relaxed, and Mark reached for the lamp, turning it on.

It was Manny. Jesus, it was! Hunky Manny with his blonde hair, high cheekbones, square jawline, dimple in his right cheek, cleft in his chin.

Manny with his rectangular chest muscles, washboard belly, and nine inch cock.

"I'm glad the lights are on," Manny said. "I like seeing you when you fuck me. I like seeing you when you don't fuck me."

"Jesus, this has to be some kind of a miracle," Mark said, back in Manny's arms, needing the feel of the young man once again to assure himself that he wasn't dreaming.

"Where in the hell is this uncle of yours who is supposed to be dead or dying?" Manny asked, his voice mildly chastising. There was no way he could be angry now, not since he knew that Mark had already decided to come back to him. Goddamn, Manny was happy!

"I want to know how in the hell you got here," Mark demanded. He wasn't purposely avoiding answering Manny's question. He just knew that the stud already knew where his "uncle" was. Mark, however, was still in the ark about how Manny had so miraculously managed to turn up at the exact moment Mark had decided he couldn't stay away from the young man any longer. "Was it that wonderful bastard, Gerald?"

"You always were one to talk too fucking much when there were other more important things to be done," Manny said, rolling to bring Mark on top of him. He opened his legs in the same movement, letting Mark's legs slide securely into the V formed by the opening. "We can do all of the talking we

need to do later. Right now, I still want you to fuck me as much as I did when I crawled into this bed."

"Oh, you fucking, Jesus, handsome bastard!" Mark said.

He kissed Manny, their lips meeting in a sensuous duel; mouths opening for a battling of tongues and an exchange of deliciously warm saliva.

There was something in the electricity of the mere kissing which was almost as good as actual sex. The two couldn't get enough of each other, their bodies sliding together as the kiss took each man's breath away.

"Jesus, fuck me!" Manny said when the kiss was finally broken. "Damn it, fuck me now!"

Mark scooted down Manny's body, his cock slipping into a position that had his prick aimed toward Manny's crotch. When Manny lifted his legs, however, locking his heels in the small of Mark's back, his ass became the target area.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!" Manny said. He was so anxious for the fuck that he fisted Mark's cock and pulled its pulpy tip into the pucker that punctuated Manny's asscrack. "I can't wait any fucking longer, bastard. I want your cock. And I Jesus want it now!"

Mark wanted to fuck Manny, too. Mark wanted this young man to have everything he had to offer, whether that be his cock, his asshole, his mouth, or his hand. He wanted this young man to have his love.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" Manny said, squealing his enjoyment as he felt the long awaited cock once again entering his ass to join him securely to this man he loved.

How deliciously sweet this reunion was for both of them. It seemed suddenly as if it had been just yesterday that they had been fucking in the school gym. In the same instant, it seemed as if it had been an eternity since they had found each other, lost each other, and found each other once again.

Mark moved quickly into the fuck, wanting their fuck to be slow and glorious, but knowing that his burgeoning desires weren't going to allow him to go slow. Glorious, oh, yes; it would certainly still be that! But it would have to be the other fucks to follow that would be the slow ones. Mark now knew that there would be other fucks, too. A life without Manny seemed an impossible course to follow.

Already Mark's balls were aching for climax, as if the explosion he had earlier blasted up his mouth hadn't happened at all. In fact, compared to the pleasure he was now experiencing, all the other sex he had had between the gym and now had been paltry substitutes for the real thing.

Mark's hips raised and lowered, pounding Manny's fucked ass with a vigor that made belly and asscheeks gloss with perspiration. A massaging spasm of Manny's asshole vibrated along the whole length of Mark's entered cock, sending Mark to even higher levels of passion.

"Deep, deep, fucking deep!" Manny yelled, his ass swinging on Mark's cock, his own hard cock jiggling in pleasure and leaking clear sex juices that made sticky rivers with the deep valleys of washboard abdominals.

Neither was making any attempt to prolong the pleasure, wanting their climax to build fast and consume them, wanting immediate verification that they were together again, that love was making them feel all of these marvelous feelings. Their bodies were hungry for passion. Their souls were greedy to experience the all of sublime ecstasy once more, together again.

Mark's body stiffened, trembled, and he dropped his cock into Manny's asshole, his balls squashing in the tight sac, driven right up to the yawn of Manny's pucker.

"Oh, Christ, Jesus, Jesus Christ!" Mark cried, his body going taut, his whole being rushing downward to his groin in an effort to ride out on the first hearty spurts of hot male cream.

"Cum up my fucked asshole!" Manny said, knowing in his heart and soul that all he needed to get off was the sudden flushing of his lover's cum up his ass. "Cream, cream, Jesus, cream!"

Mark's balls erupted, blowing jism out through his cock and into Manny's sucking asshole. Mark squealed his ecstasy as liquids churned, flooded, and bubbled up Manny's accepting ass.

"Yes, yes!" Manny yelled, his own healthy wads of wet sex cream exiting his cock and splattering so far up his body that he could stick out his tongue and lick his own sexual slime off his lips. "My God! My God! My God!"

In the room down the hall, Manny's father and Gerald Raspin were also fucking up a storm.

THE END